

# THE LADIES' MUSEUM.

New and Improved Series.

MAY, 1831.

## A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

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### CHAPTER I.

AT the age of eighteen, Don Alfonso de Rimero found himself alone in the world, with a noble pedigree and an empty purse. He was of a generous and enthusiastic disposition, bold beyond the natural daring even of manhood: a lover of virtue for virtue's sake, yet disdainfully averse to every thing that bordered either on quackery or cant: he possessed a maturity of mind far beyond either his years or the age in which he lived: all his actions, and all his thoughts, bespoke the high nobility of his soul, and the rich and eloquent ardour of his heart. I said that his age was eighteen, but even then his form had assumed a commanding appearance, for although extremely tall he was also unusually graceful; and his white and elevated brow, deeply shaded by thick clustering curls of the darkest hair, and the rich beauty of his expressive eye, redeemed the writhing sneer which so often marked his contempt for the opinions and conduct of those with whom he sometimes mingled. He was born to great wealth, which had been dissipated, ere he reached his fourteenth year, by the unbridled extravagance of a father, whose memory, despite all his faults, he still loved. Pride,—the pride of birth, the pride of character, and a certain innate dignity of soul which induced him to prize independence even perhaps too highly, had rendered him a strict economist, and being from this very circumstance forced into an unsocial and solitary mode of living, he had enlarged, by intense study, the already broad basis of his scholastic

MAY, 1831.

acquirements: he had become, also, from his secluded habits, a deep reasoner—he looked to no one to guide either his actions or his thoughts—he was accountable to no man for either—he felt—oh, blighting reflection!—that he was alone in the world. The greedy parasites of his father's halls he spurned—nay, he even seemed to hate them the more for the very love which he cherished for a parent who had squandered all his patrimony. Thus he continued to live, solitarily and unsought, until he had attained that age which, by the wisdom of the law, makes us men. At this period the temper of his mind assumed a deeper cast. The very neglect which he had for so many years experienced gave a spur to his ambition, and the strong desire of proving himself superior to those who had thus neglected him fired that ambition into a deep and quenchless passion. There was hate mingled with it, and revenge—despair's insatiate hope; there was much of the sublime, too, in his disposition, mingled, at times, with a tinge of morbid sensibility, just what Moore would term “melancholy,” or “the concomitant of genius,” and Bulwer “indigestion:” it was, in fact, neither—it was pride, still pride, which, wrapping itself in its own consciousness of superiority, disdained an extended intercourse with the world. And that world in return called him moody and dark. Those very feelings, however, whatever might be their source, had induced him to add to the rich possessions of his academic hoards every personal accomplishment

which increased the graces of the gentleman, or gave dignity or advantage to the man.

His ambition and his pride increased daily—he felt conscious of pre-eminent abilities, which he had not the power to evince; and while every avenue to distinction seemed closed against him, he perpetually saw the vain, the worthless, the ignorant, succeed in the realization of hope, and in the schemes of opulence. Perhaps there is nothing more galling to a proud, ambitious, and over-sensitive spirit, than to feel that the objects of its disdain and dislike—creatures unable even to judge of or in any degree to estimate its powers—are hourly rising above it, by some lucky accident, or some adventitious possession. Don Alfonso knew that both in mental and personal qualifications he was inferior to none of his own standing, but he saw every where that wealth was in higher requisition than merit; or, in other words, that wealth was in itself a merit above all others.

That buoyancy of youth, and that enchantment of hope which, in early life, enable most of us to contend successfully against so many evils, and the reckless and romantic enjoyment of immediate gratification, which irradiates the present with a light so beautiful that it leaves us no opportunity of contemplating the cares and sorrows of the future, seemed to possess no power over the mind and feelings of Alfonso de Rimero—on the contrary, a dark cloud was imperceptibly gathering around his heart, to the extinction of much that was good, and noble, and kind. His spirit was at war with his fellows, by whom he considered himself neglected; and although too proud to despond, he was not weak enough to hope against the evidences of reality and reason. Had the tutelary care of some judicious director given to his mind a bias different to that which his strong and manly, but inexperienced, judgment had seized and nurtured into a passion, he would have shone in society as one of its brightest ornaments; as it was, he passed his days in a solitude that was at once restless and bitter. He was acquainted with the general

truths of religion, but was utterly ignorant of its vivifying spirit, so that that light which is able to dissipate every darkness, and to alleviate the sorrows and disappointments of life, was, as it were, hidden from him; and the proud are not very likely to find it—they endeavour to bring every object within the narrow limits of human reason—they forget, or do not choose to remember, that that which is finite cannot measure the wonders of the Infinite, and they therefore neglect or deride every thing which is beyond their comprehension. Perhaps this natural tendency of a powerful and inexperienced mind was strengthened in Don Alfonso by the mummery which was so largely mixed up with the religious worship of his country, and he gave himself no trouble to draw a distinguishing line between the superstitious follies of man, and the solemn ordinances of his Maker. And although he felt little else than contempt for ceremonies which were to him unmeaning, yet was he sufficiently tinctured with the first prejudice of Roman Catholicism, and condemned even more deeply the notion of becoming a heretic.

The family from which Don Alfonso sprung was one of the most distinguished, and had been one of the most flourishing in all Granada; but his father, in whom all its wealth and honours had at last centered, died after a short and dissipated career, leaving the sole remaining scion of his noble house in comparative penury. The life and feelings of the son, such as they have been described, it may be supposed were calculated to gain him very little sympathy from those who even knew and respected his lofty lineage, and by those who knew it not or cared but little about it, he was regarded as a proud and secluded misanthrope; and by the more humble, who were often the recipients of his bounty, he was looked upon as an object of dread, and his very gifts were received with suspicion and trembling. Indeed they had attached a degree of superstitious terror to his character; his long and solitary rambles, his midnight studies, his secluded life, and, above all, his constant absence from

high mass, had been argued upon as so many proofs of his intercourse with the evil one. His very name had become a spell with which to quiet the noisy and unruly child, and the belated peasant who in returning home chanced to meet him, although he demeaned himself with awful reverence, looked around with an eager eye, and increased his speed almost to a run.

After a day of unusual mental excitement, arising out of a feverish and impatient speculation on the evils of life, Alfonso had ridden forth in the hope that amid the beauties of Nature his meditations might assume a more ennobling flow, and that while contemplating the awful and the grand he might lose for awhile the recollected torments of disappointment and regret. He had been admiring the irregularity and roughness of that chain of mountains, the Alpuxaras, which extend their lengthened line from Granada to the Mediterranean—he was gazing with a degree of vacant pleasure at the flocks of wild goats disporting along the rocky ridges, and leaping from precipice to precipice, while he listened to the hoarse and distant murmur of waterfalls that soothed his ear with no unpleasant music. From this state of tranquillity he was aroused by a faint, yet thrilling shriek, and spurring his horse to a clump of dwarf oaks from which it proceeded, threw himself from his saddle, and hurrying through the matted underwood, soon reached the centre, which was a clear space of some few yards in circumference; but what was his astonishment and indignation when he beheld the most beautiful creature his eye had ever rested on struggling with four ruffians, who were attempting to replace a sort of gag, which she had evidently not many moments since succeeded in removing. He drew his sword, and with the speed of lightning, and the shock of a thunderbolt, rushed against the opposing party. One was already a headless corpse at his feet, but ere he had time to strike another blow, three weapons were bared, and fiercely brandished in his sight. The villains fought resolutely and with great skill, even while

they retreated, the strongest dragging his shrieking victim in their retrograde course. It was evident that they wished to reach their horses, which were on the opposite side of the clump to that by which Alfonso had entered. The truth flashed upon him in a moment, and with a sudden spring to the right, and a desperate assault on the ruffian who fought on that side, succeeded in wounding him mortally, while at the same time he gained the rear, and thus prevented any sudden rush towards the means of escape, which could be at no great distance. His antagonists, now brought to a stand, fought with a determination and power that rendered the conflict for a long while doubtful: they were contending, however, with one of the best swordsmen in Europe, and well and gallantly did Alfonso de Rimero that day maintain the high reputation which he possessed for the use of his weapon. In making a sudden lunge at the breast of his foremost assailant, his sword came against the buckle of his cloak, and snapped in two; with the desperate intrepidity of despair, however, he seized on the instant the sword arm of the rejoicing ruffian, and, hurling him to a distance of several feet, tore his weapon from his grasp, and furiously assailed the fourth: the contest was tremendous but it was brief—the villain fell before the irresistible De Rimero, and ere the other had recovered from the stunning effect of the shock which he had sustained, he was effectually secured by his active and victorious opponent. He was in a moment at the side of the rescued damsel, telling her of deliverance and security, and offering to conduct her to the home from which he had but too much reason to fear she had been violently torn.

"You know not, generous stranger," replied the fair, "from what a dreadful fate you have snatched me! Oh! how can I ever sufficiently thank you—how can I ever recompense you for your brave and zealous interference in my behalf?" "To have served you in any way, lady," replied Don Alfonso, in a trembling and earnest tone, "is the best, the sweetest



reward that life itself can afford me; but there may be danger in your remaining here, Senora: let us hasten hence." "Oh, yes! and with all speed, for the ruffians were only pausing for the arrival of their employer, the base De Marialva." "What!" exclaimed Alfonso, "the Conde de Marialva! Could he stoop to play the traitor on innocence like your's? Out upon the villain! But, lady, you shall be well and deeply avenged." "Oh, talk not of vengeance, I beseech you; throw not yourself in any further danger, particularly in any such as will expose you to the enmity of the fierce, the cruel De Marialva! Remember that his bravoos will effect for him that which he cannot do for himself."

Having seated her on a fleet palfrey, which had been awaiting her at the outskirts of the little wood, and having regained his own horse, he learned from her that she was the Senora Isadora, the orphan daughter of the noble family of Montezuma, and that her guardian, Don Andreas de Vinenti, resided in the city of Granada, and thitherward they commenced their course. The great church of the superior division of the town had just burst upon their view, when they perceived the rapid approach of a solitary horseman. "It is he! it is he!" almost shrieked the Lady Isadora; "I know him by the waving of his snow-white plume." "Who?" inquired Alfonso. "The traitor, De Marialva!" was her immediate reply. "Oh, bear me hence, I beseech you!" "Do you not feel yourself safe under my protection, Senora?" asked the half-offended De Rimero. "Did you know the treachery and vileness of that horrid man's heart as well as I do, you would pardon me, my brave defender, for the appearance of momentary doubt which a feeling of insuperable terror gave to my words; but I willingly place myself under your guidance." "Fear not then, dear lady, and believe me that I would rather die than that aught hostile should assail you." By this time the horseman drew near, and checking his impetuous steed, proceeded to scrutinize narrowly those who were

approaching, and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he rode courteously up to them, and, with all the gallantry of an accomplished cavaliero, saluted the lady. "How little did I expect to meet the beautiful Isadora in my rapid ride, and so far from the city. I should not have wondered so much," continued he, glancing at her companion, "had your horse's head been turned in an opposite direction." "Conde de Marialva!" exclaimed the impetuous Alfonso, "the tale of treachery in which you were only now engaged is known to me—draw, caitiff, and defend yourself!" "Out of my path, malapert," retorted the Conde, "or not even your insignificance shall protect you." "Alfonso de Rimero," replied his enraged opponent, "has now an opportunity of punishing a two-fold wrong—the injury offered to this lady, and, villain, my father's wrongs cry loudly for vengeance!" The Conde de Marialva, in the hope that by a sudden attack he might surprise the unprepared De Rimero into an instant defeat, rushed upon him ere he had indeed time to prepare for his defence. He was, however, as expert in the management of his horse as in the use of his weapon, and he skilfully escaped the meditated treachery. The very violence of this assault was the cause of the Conde's immediate overthrow, for no sooner did Alfonso find that he had successfully avoided it, than, without waiting to draw his sword, he threw himself rapidly upon him; in a moment they were both dismounted, and the Conde, trembling in the gigantic grasp of his opponent, seemed instantly to expect that fate which his conscience whispered he so well merited, and, dropping his sword, he earnestly demanded his life. "I grant it, ruffian, only because thou art weaponless, and in my power! live to be disgraced, despised!" exclaimed Alfonso; and snatching up the sword that had fallen from the Conde's trembling grasp, he snapped it in two, and threw the pieces from him. "Hasten," he added, "to the clump of oaks, where you expected to find your lovely victim, the Senora Isadora, and there



thou wilt hear more of me." Thus saying, he mounted his horse, and rejoined the grateful Isadora. Long as it has taken to describe them, the assault and the defeat were the works almost of a moment, but it brought an age of anxiety and anguish to her who was the terrified object of the contest; her spirit had scarcely breathed forth one deep and fervent aspiration for victory to the defender of her safety ere that victory was accomplished, and she found him once again triumphant and at her side. "Now, lady, we may hope to reach the residence of your guardian, Don Andreas, without further interruption. Ha! hear you the rapid clattering of his charger's hoofs? The Conde de Marialva hastens to a conference with his brother ruffian!" "Had we not better then quicken our pace?" anxiously demanded Isadora: then, fearful lest her words had betrayed a want of confidence in him, she hastily added, "think not that it is for myself I fear—oh, no! for indeed I feel myself safe under your protection; but De Marialva's steed is fleet, and he may yet return with numbers too great for even your resistance." "Fear not either for thyself or me, lady; his coward heart has not yet ceased to tremble at the fate he has so lately encountered. He will work in the dark, or with the assassin's dagger, but he will shun all open and manly contest with any who bear the name of our ancient house—but what do I say? I am the last of that house, and with me its name will perish." Here a shade of sadness so deep and so exquisite overspread his fine and noble countenance, that Isadora gazed, for a moment, almost spell-bound by the magic effect which it had produced on her sensitive nature. She felt that he was unhappy—the young—the beautiful—the brave—yes, that one short gaze had convinced her that he, her preserver from worse than death, nourished some secret sorrow, which she, perhaps, would never know. She had hitherto seen him animated by his brave contests for her—exertion had given to his cheek a deeper tinge, and his eye had dilated with lightning flashes amid surrounding danger—he

had indeed appeared like the bright and foremost figure of some enchanted dream—but now she beheld him, still surpassingly beautiful indeed, but with a wan cheek, and an eye deprived of half its lustre. It is true she had frequently heard of Alfonso de Rimero, and many of those tales which superstition had engendered had reached her ears, but her cultivated mind and well-directed reason immediately rejected them. She had heard, too, of his high descent, and of his fallen fortunes, and she had often pitied the individual she had never seen. Little, indeed, had she ever imagined that the time would come when she should be placed in a situation of desperate danger, from which she would be rescued from numbers by his single arm. As she rode in silence by his side—a silence which many and conflicting feelings in his own breast forbade him to break—all that she had heard, and all that she felt respecting the secluded Alfonso, was recalled by memory, and when she contrasted the slanders of superstition with the noble reality before her, she trembled to think that her pity had given way to admiration—she sighed as she thought that they were soon to part, and, perhaps, for ever; for she was not vain enough to believe that she would be the cause of drawing him from his seclusion. That sigh was not unheard. "Fearest thou still, dearest lady?" asked Alfonso, with a voice so rich and musical that Isadora started as at the sound of sudden harmony. "Oh, no, no; I thought not then of fear," was her simple reply. "That sigh then, perchance, told of weariness or sorrow?" "I am not weary, but my feelings and my thoughts have been overwrought by emotions too powerful for a spirit not at any time very courageous. You, too, Señor, have been very thoughtful, and just now you seemed unhappy—is there aught in which the wealthy daughter of Montezuma can show her gratitude to the defender of her life and honour?" "Were it in the power of any earthly being to heal the disappointments, and to remove the sorrows of Alfonso de Rimero, *thou art that being*; but if I mistake not this is the residence of

Don Andreas de Vinenti;" and, immediately dismounting, he assisted her from her horse. "Such is the character of my guardian, and so selfish is he in all his motives, that I hardly dare to bid you enter." He read the confusion and regret which were so strongly depicted on her countenance, and he hastened to relieve her. "I could not, sweet lady, tarry for a single hour, and I must hasten homeward; but permit me to hope that our acquaintance will not end here—that the Lady Isadora will deign to acknowledge the friend of a day through years yet to come." "My brave, my noble defender will ever find me grateful! Adieu! the

spirits of my sainted parents thank you by the lips of their orphan daughter." A bright tear had gathered in her eye, and her voice trembled as she spoke—she turned to go. "Stay, lady, stay but for one moment! Can you trust in the honour of Alfonso de Rimero?" "Assuredly in all things." "Then tell him, I pray thee, where he may again behold the form which has to-day brought new thoughts to his mind, and fresh hopes to his heart." "Yonder latticed balustrade opens into the piazza of my apartments; from thence we may sometimes confer—adieu! adieu!" and she hastened into the house.

#### CHAPTER II.

For the happy furtherance of our plan, and that you, my curious readers, may know somewhat of those matters which are at present hidden in the deep recesses of my proper brain, it is highly requisite that we glance inward, in order that I may be able to lay before you some of those particulars relating to the Montezuma family, which are, just now, mysteries to all save my sapient self. It is my purpose to render them highly edifying. I shall also tell you somewhat of that dark wight, De Marialva; and, provided that your patience fail not, will strut a while with you through the mists of antiquity. Carlos de Montezuma was the most celebrated perhaps of his family, for the great and distinguished part which he took in the conquest of Granada, then in the possession of the Moors. Ferdinand and Isabella had been so often and so wantonly annoyed by these disagreeable neighbours, that it was at last determined to drive them, if possible, beyond the confines of Granada; and in order the more completely to effect this, Ferdinand resolved to place himself at the head of the army which had been assembled for the purpose. In every engagement Montezuma fought by the side of the royal Ferdinand, and more than once was his life saved by the heroic exertions of his faithful friend and follower, and thrice in one day did he turn the tide of conquest against the resolute,

though o'ermastered Moors. Such was the grandsire of the Isadora of our tale—her father was as chivalrous and heroic in mind, but being of a delicate and sickly constitution, died ere his only child had reached her thirteenth year—her mother, who doated on her husband with an ardour of attachment unknown to these more enlightened times, followed him, broken-hearted, to the grave within a year after his decease. Isadora was left to the guardianship of Don Andreas de Vinenti, a base hypocrite who had managed to worm himself into the confidence and good graces of the parents of his charge. He performed, however, in most respects, the part of a judicious guardian, and at the age of seventeen, Isadora de Montezuma was regarded as the paragon of perfection by all the gallants of Granada, and many and splendid were the offers of marriage which she received; still her wily guardian managed to defeat them all, for he was resolved that her wealth, which was equal to the dowry of a princess, should enrich no other family than his own. For this purpose he had tutored his son, Felix, to render himself in every way agreeable to his ward. Now Felix, unhappily so named, was an ignorant, awkward, and besotted Don, who regarded nothing save his own ease and comfort, and looked upon the troubles of a courtship as far too grievous to be undertaken for the poor possession to

which it was a chance even if they led. He knew, nay perhaps he even felt, that Isadora was surpassingly beautiful; but then he looked with awe on her superior accomplishments, and feared her as too learned for one who had never given himself the trouble to read a single volume in his life. His father, perceiving his backwardness in a case of so much importance, determined to plead his son's cause himself, and eagerly seized an opportunity of doing so during his absence. Isadora, as might be expected, was firm in her rejection; and although to her guardian's repeated questions on the subject, she declared that she was bound by no attachment, that, indeed, she felt not even a passing preference for any other, Don Andreas, believing that nothing short of such a fact could interfere to thwart his wishes, gave no credence to her declarations, and determined to wean her from the imaginary attachment with which he invested her. In order the better to win upon his unsuspecting charge, he had ever hitherto borne himself towards her as an indulgent, and, as far as his selfish nature permitted, an affectionate guardian; from the very hour, however, which terminated the above conference, his manner became harsh and suspicious: he confined her to her own suite of apartments, and permitted her to speak with no one save Don Felix, himself, and her faithful attendant, the pretty Rosette, a French maiden of respectable parentage, who had been her playmate in childhood, and the humble though favourite companion of her youth. Rosette was only two years older than her lady, and she loved her with the fidelity and affection which belonged to the age and feelings of chivalry.

It is not surprising that one who held out so many attractions to love and avarice, should be soon missed amid the circles of gaiety, of which she formed the brightest ornament; and many were the inquiries of her suitors respecting her. Don Andreas, ever ready with some specious device, continued to beguile and mislead them all, save De Marialva, who, in the treachery of his own heart, was not long in attributing some sinister motive to

the guardian. He sought and found an opportunity of questioning the innocent Rosette, who, indignant at the confinement of her dear lady, and anxious to effect her deliverance from the cruel and unworthy restrictions which were thrown around her by the conduct of Don Andreas, made no concealment of her situation—she knew no guile herself, and therefore suspected not the villainy of De Marialva, while she listened with unmixed delight to his protestations of undying love and fearless devotion to the cause of the Senora Isadora; and in the simplicity of her heart consented to aid him in tearing her from the control of her wily guardian. In pledging himself to her rescue, he beguiled the unsuspecting maiden by assurances of unqualified obedience to her lady as soon as she should be removed from the power of Don Andreas. And he succeeded in convincing her of the necessity of keeping his plans secret from the Senora, lest their accomplishment should be defeated by the frivolous objections of an imaginary delicacy. She knew not that the Conde's suit had been rejected by her high-minded mistress; she knew not that that rejection had taken place on account of the infamy of his character; and in a moment of excitement and of hope, she agreed, by an innocent subterfuge, to induce her lady to rise by the first dawn of the following morning, when the latticed window of her piazza should be left open, in order that his followers might conduct her to liberty and honour.

How well the plot succeeded in its first stage, and how nearly its whole object was effected, may be inferred from the situation in which Alfonso had found her. One of the bravoës, in the moment of success, had informed Isadora of his employer's name. It was indeed the object of De Marialva to overtake his victim at the clump of dwarf oaks, and to conduct her to a small fortress which he possessed on the very summit of one of the highest of the Alpuxaras. It was well known that within this almost impregnable fortress many a deed of cruelty and wrong had been perpe-



trated, though its master, by his wealth and power, had long escaped a merited punishment. Even by the highest authorities De Marialva was feared, and hated, and shunned. And it was more than suspected that he was in intimate connection with the bands of Moors who were concealed amid the hills of this district, and who thence, as opportunity offered, proceeded in their excursions of plunder and rapine almost to the very gates of the city. Not yet, however, had the governor of Granada dared to impugn him.

It is proper to inform the reader that one of his numerous intrigues had been the ruin of Alfonso's father. He envied him his almost unbounded wealth, and the high reputation which, in early life, he enjoyed for profuse and princely liberality. He early discovered the weak parts of his character, and found that he delighted to an immoderate degree in that love of splendour and display, which he stimulated and encouraged until it induced at last his downfall and his death. Then it was that the exulting Conde dared to declare the share which he had taken in the destruction of his rival. Fortunately the deep seclusion of Alfonso kept him ignorant of this boast; still he had sufficiently marked the conduct of De Marialva during his father's life-time to know that he was the chief promoter of most of those extravagant and dissipated scenes which had led to his ruin.

Having thus formally introduced my readers to some of those personages who are likely to figure most in these pages, I hasten from the view of their portraits to the contemplation of their actions; and will endeavour to record the consequences which they produced at the period of which I am writing.

"So the Lady Isadora has vouchsafed to return to our humble dwelling, after an absence which almost induced us to believe that she had found a pleasanter home," observed Don Andreas de Vinenti, as the Senora Isadora entered the grand apartment.

"This is no time for trifling, Senor," replied our heroine. "I have been

rescued from the most imminent danger by the courage of Don Alfonso de Rimero." "Don Alfonso de Rimero!" exclaimed both Felix and his father at the same moment, in evident consternation.

"Yes, gentlemen, Don Alfonso de Rimero. Question you his courage? Or will you despatch a messenger after him, to know whether my humble testimony in his favour may be received? He cannot yet have turned the corner of the street."

"No, no, Isadora! not for worlds! But how and when did you meet him, and has this been your *first* interview?" demanded her interrogator, in an anxious tone.

"I never saw him until within the last twelve hours, when at his sword's point he rescued me from the base De Marialva and his myrmidons."—The tale of her abduction was soon told, and she hurried to her apartment, leaving the father and son to make their comments at leisure.

"Felix, this must be looked to! Our privileges have been invaded; our very mansion entered; and thy future spouse, my boy, nearly stolen from thee!"

"The Conde de Marialva is too powerful and too rich, my father, for an enemy. Would it not be better to hush the matter up?" replied Felix, with his characteristic indolence.

"Hush the matter up, and have our dearest rights infringed by a villain!" retorted Don Andreas.

"Why, my father, the Lady Isadora has returned to us in safety. And I would stake my good name, that Don Alfonso drew not his sword for the pleasure of looking at its polish! Report speaks him falsely, or he is not the man to return it to the scabbard, after it has once left it, in such a quarrel, without leaving some pretty positive marks of what he has been doing."

"But would you have the honour of our house avenged by a stranger!" retorted De Vinenti.

"Look you, my father, thou art all too old to fight, and I will freely admit, that the exercise is too violent for me. And you know that De Marialva is not to be played with. Without re-

sort to force, you may use your present knowledge as a plea for his exclusion from your halls for the future."

"True, boy; but I like not this same method of passing over an insult in one so young, and so lusty withal! Beshrew thee, Felix, but thou art a coward at heart!"

"When the fight comes to me, father, I will disprove your words; but I court not the trouble of seeking it," replied the unmoved youth.

"I fear thou wilt have a formidable rival in Don Alfonso," continued his father. "He has used his weapon, and no doubt manfully, for the girl; and beauty is very apt to reward courage, particularly when the champion is the handsomest noble in all Granada."

"And the poorest!" remarked Felix.

"It is a question whether Isadora will think him so, when her late rescue is thrown into the balance," rejoined the father. "I will, however, look to her better security for the future."

While this conversation was going on in the hall, the weeping Rosette was seated at her mistress's feet, pouring forth her confessions and her sorrows; and she, the high-born daughter of the proud Montezuma, was loading her humble attendant with caresses, and repeating her assurances of forgiveness and attachment, while the poor girl's tears fell the faster at every added word of kindness. "What a wicked, foolish thing I was to listen to the bad, bold man; but I thought, dear lady, indeed I did, that I was acting for your good."

"I know you did, child; and let us talk no more about it—only for the future remember that where a secret concerns me so nearly, I ought to participate in it."

"It is the first I ever concealed from you, Senora, and it will be the last."

"Well, well, no more of it, my Rosette, but dry your tears, and let us to rest: I am weary!"

She had scarcely pressed her couch, ere her eyes were closed in deep sleep, and if a faint image stole upon her sense, it bore the form of Alfonso de May, 1831.

Rimero. The faithful Rosette watched her as she slept. A soft smile, if, indeed, the almost imperceptible animation which scarcely parted her beautiful lips, could be so called, heightened the loveliness of the sleeper, and seemed to throw a sort of halo around the innocence from which it sprung. Her affectionate attendant, as she fondly traced its magic lines, almost believed that some fostering power had obliterated from her sleeping fancy every recollection of violence and anguish in favour of something that was sweet and absorbing; and such indeed was the expression which that smile just shadowed forth, and no more, as it gently played around her exquisite mouth. On a sudden a slight flush arose along her cheek, and a faint scream burst from her lips, and she awoke in alarm, as she murmured the name of Alfonso! Weary nature, however, soon again restored her slumbers; and it was not long ere the pretty Rosette, forgetting alike her fault and the forgiveness it had obtained, sunk her head upon the bed, and slept soundly by her side.

Meanwhile Alfonso had gained his home, and was pacing with rapid strides the library which adjoined his sleeping apartment, reflecting anxiously on the occurrences of the past day. Impetuous in the extreme in all things, one only thought now occupied his mind, for, like the rushing of a mighty torrent, it had swept every other before it. Love—love engrossed his every faculty, and animated all his being. The plague-spot of discontent, which seemed hitherto to have seared his very soul, was, in a single hour, driven from its hold, and one deep entrancing feeling triumphed in its stead. He had burst the strong fetters which had enchained his mind, to press upon his heart others deeper, and of a life-long endurance. Every thing was changed within him and around him. Perhaps the medium through which he viewed objects was now as much distorted as formerly. Still his feelings were happier, for he was under the dominion of a hope at once vivid and blissful. His pride was lost in his love; and the damning spot which

had hitherto fastened on his soul was swept away and forgotten. "Yes," he muttered to himself, "I will protect her from every evil; and in order that I may do so, I will enter again into society—years of economy have somewhat retrieved my circumstances. I will collect my hereditary followers about me, and man my castle. Aye, and should he dare again to approach her angelic purity, I will drag the recreant De Marialva from his stronghold, and expose his infamy to the world."

He was one of those with whom to determine was to do. The night was passed in arranging his plans for the morrow; and ere mid-day his retainers, forming a strong and valiant force, were assembled in his halls; his officers were appointed, the armoury of his castle was visited, and every thing put in order for defence or attack, as circumstances might require. Every preparation finished, he mounted his beautiful Arabian charger; and in the course of a few hours had alighted at the gate of Don Andreas de Vinenti's residence. He had resolved openly to pay his devoirs to the Senora Isadora, his high spirit almost disdained the notion of a stolen interview even with her he loved; and throwing his bridle rein to his nearest attendant, he demanded admission to the presence of Don Andreas. After some little delay the gates were opened, and he was ushered into the apartment which contained Don Felix and his father. They had resolved, in the short conference which had occasioned the delay just mentioned, to receive him with cold and contemptuous indifference; but no sooner did they behold his noble countenance, and his high and princely bearing, than, as if actuated by a simultaneous impulse, they both rose to welcome him.

"Don Andreas de Vinenti," he said, as he entered, "must forgive this intrusion, when I tell him that the object of my being here is to learn the state of the Senora Isadora de Montezuma, after the appalling circumstances which befel her yesterday."

"I thank Don Alfonso de Rimero in the name of my son here and my-

self, for the courtesy which has induced him to quit his seclusion to pay his devoirs to my ward. But, for the present, Senor, she sees no one."

"I have heard ere now that the jailor's part has been performed by some guardians, but I had yet to learn that Don Andreas de Vinenti approved the principle. 'Tis but yester-eve since she gave me her promise that we might meet again; and therefore, Senor, I am come prepared to compel the interview which I have consented to solicit."

"Hear you this, Felix!" exclaimed Don Andreas, starting from his seat; "am I to be bearded within my own walls, and in thy presence too? Ho!—without there! Carlos! Antonio! Fernandez! Juan!"

Felix had half drawn his sword, and several attendants had entered the apartment.

"Seize that ruffian—bear him to the earth—he threatens me beneath my own roof!"

Alfonso leant his back against the nearest wall, and placed his hand upon his sword—

"He who first comes within the reach of my arm dies!" said he, sternly. "And, old man," he continued, "I mean thee no violence; but should your followers approach one step nearer, a single blast of this bugle will bring a dozen lusty arms to my defence."

"Rush in upon him, Felix! rush in all at once and disarm him!" shouted De Vinenti.

For once the indolent Felix obeyed his father, and threw himself forward on Alfonso. In an instant he was seized in his powerful grasp, and hurled, like a stone from a sling, against the opposite wall. The attendants, seeing the fate of their leader, and perceiving that the bugle was already raised within a few inches of his lips, held back in fear and indecision.

"Old man," resumed Don Alfonso, "this interview must take place; but it shall be in thy presence."

He was still speaking when Isadora entered with fearful haste the apartment; alarmed in the first instance by the shouts of her guardian, and then



by the noise which the fall of Felix had occasioned, she flew, with trembling impatience, to the door, to ascertain the danger—the last sentence of Alfonso met her ear, and she hastily entered.

In an instant every expression of sternness had left his countenance, and he was by the side of Isadora, conducting her to an elevated seat at the upper part of the room, breathing the most touching inquiries for her health. Don Andreas endeavoured to place himself between them, but was gently pushed aside by Alfonso. Enraged at the contemptuous carelessness of his manner, he drew his dagger and thrust at him: it wounded him in the left arm, and still, without even a transient notice, he passed on calmly with Isadora to the seat. She shrieked. "Fear not, lady," he said, as he knelt before her; "'tis but a scratch, which that scarf of thine will quickly heal." It was immediately loosened from the jewelled pin which fastened it amid a profusion of rich glossy hair, and as instantly wrapped tightly round his arm.

"Villains!" exclaimed the infuriated Don Andreas, "will you thus be ruled by a single man? think you that he is invulnerable? mark his blood upon this blade!"

Again Isadora uttered a piercing shriek, and fell back in her seat.

"I will have no violence in this presence, sirs; and this blast shall prevent it!"

Twelve armed men instantaneously entered the hall. "Bear hence," he said, in the voice of cool command, "all save Don Andreas de Vinenti, and his son, Don Felix," who, ere this, had recovered the stunning effects of his fall, and was looking on, a quiet spectator of the scene. The apartment was immediately cleared.

"The Senora Isadora condescended to accept my humble services yesterday," said Alfonso, with a deep obeisance; "and I came to-day to know her pleasure on him who had dared to invade her rights. Think of my surprise, lady, on finding you a prisoner within these walls!"

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed Isadora, "let not my unhappy destiny draw

evil on thy head, my brave and generous defender. Think no more of De Marialva, and enter not into the motives of those who claim the disposal even of the liberty of a Montezuma."

"Rash girl!" ejaculated the guardian. But ere he could finish his sentence, Alfonzo interrupted him.

"One intrusive or unmannerly word, the presence of the Governor of Granada and I will drag thee and thy son into nada, and there demand an explanation of this wrong."

Don Andreas shrunk back in silence.

"Know you, lady, the motives of this man?" continued he, to Isadora.

"Alas! too well; but spare me the unworthy recital."

"It is well, Senora; but I here demand from you, sirs, a solemn pledge that this lady's freedom shall be as wide as the daughter of the noble Montezuma chooses to make it; otherwise I bring this matter immediately before the highest tribunal of your country. And remember, lady, that the slightest token from thee in any danger will be immediately answered by the presence and protection of him who, from this moment, devotes himself to thy service." He knelt before her, and kissed the cross on the hilt of his sword in token of the inviolability of his pledge. Then rising, and turning sternly towards Don Andreas and his son, he continued, "Is my demand met, or do you reject it?"

Overawed as much by his manner as his threats, they entered into the compact, and quitted the apartment.

"Without there, men!" he exclaimed; "see that neither Don Andreas or Don Felix proceed farther than the adjoining room for the present. Does the Lady Isadora," he resumed, turning to her, "deign to accept the services of her poor knight, and will she promise him to use them freely?"

"I fear you are already, brave sir, but too much embroiled on my account," she replied; "and yet I could not need a truer knight in the hour of danger. But now adieu: it is fit that I return to my privacy; but believe me that the gratitude of Isa-

dora de Montezuma will ever belong to her gallant defender."

He conducted her to the door by which she had entered, and, with a deep and devoted obeisance, quitted the apartment by the other.

"Farewell, sirs," he exclaimed, as he passed Don Andreas and his son in the vestibule; "preserve your pledges unbroken; and remember that should

you dare to do otherwise, you will have to answer it not only to the laws of your country, but to Alfonso de Rimero. And now, men, to horse!"

But it is time that we return to the Conde de Marialva; and if you are not weary, gentle readers, you may follow him into the next chapter.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## WOMAN'S GRIEF.

### A SKETCH.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

I'VE seen him leaning o'er her,  
With love's accents on his tongue;  
Or dissolv'd to tears before her,  
As her sweet voice fondly sung!  
Like a STRANGER now he meets her,  
For the dream of love is o'er;  
And his false lip coldly greets her,  
As they ne'er had met before!

She treads the giddy measure,  
Where mirth and joy are loud;  
And she hears the laugh of pleasure  
From the gay and thoughtless crowd;—  
She moves in scenes of gladness  
With the happy and the young,  
And they deem not of the sadness  
O'er her life's lone pathway flung!

She joins the sports in festive hours,  
Where mirth's gay groups are met;  
She wreathes her brow with smiles and flowers,  
As though she *could* forget!  
She sings the songs of joy and glee,  
The songs that were *his* choice;  
And they marvel at the melody  
Of her soul-touched harp and voice!

But she never names him—never—  
No ear hath ever heard  
From her lips one faint endeavour  
To pronounce that dear-lov'd word!  
None would guess each wither'd feeling  
By the smile her cheeks display;  
Like the rose the blight concealing  
That consumes its bloom away!

She bears her bosom's sadness  
With a meekness all her own;  
Though her voice of laughing gladness,  
Hath now a fainter tone!  
Though her step of sylph-like fleetness  
Hath now a feebler pace;  
Still, her look retains its sweetness,  
And her form its native grace!

Thus, can Woman veil each feeling,  
 School'd to smile—when she would weep ;  
 From the heartless crowd concealing  
 Wrong and suff'ring—dark and deep ;  
 And those pangs of wounded sadness,  
 Blighted hopes—and bitter care,  
 MAN would drown in riot's madness,  
 WOMAN calmly learns to bear !

### THE FATAL TEMPTATION.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

O'er true a tale.—*Burns.*

GEORGE ANDREWS had arrived at the steady age of thirty-six before he thought of changing his situation by marriage ; at that period he became the ardent lover of a beautiful girl, who was an orphan, and nearly twenty years younger than himself.

Andrews was a respectable watch-maker in the large commercial town of S——d, in Yorkshire. He was not only an industrious man of moral character, who had in days past proved himself an excellent son and brother, but he was a religious man, belonging to "the strictest sect" of a body of dissenters, who justly held him in especial regard. They were surprised, and almost shocked, to hear of so serious a man making choice of one who, in their opinion, could neither promote his temporal, nor spiritual welfare. Poor Mary Sander-son had only a pretty person and unblemished name in aid of the former, and it was little likely that one so young, and so fair, "a mere church-goer," could assist the latter. Could it be expected that she would comply with the requisitions of so grave and strict a husband so much older than herself? was it not evident that matrimonial strife would embitter the days of each? Painful obedience on the one hand, or sinful compliance on the other, appeared inevitable.

With equal zeal, piety, and integrity, the elders of his congregation remonstrated with Andrews on the subject, protesting against indulging in what they termed "the lust of the eye." They quoted the example of all the good men on record who had been ensnared by beauty, and prophesied that his marriage with so

young a person would ruin him, and fail to bestow happiness on the poor girl, whom it became him rather to admonish as a father than to address as a lover.

Andrews did not change his purpose, (as few men so situated do,) but he received the advice offered with Christian humility and gratitude, and never failed to record such conversations to the fair subject of them, in whom they excited some anxiety, but no resentment, for she thought already (in the modesty of her nature) that perhaps he did love her too well. Mary was meek and gentle, but she was also highly intelligent, and well-disposed. The loss of her parents, and the sense of her poverty in consequence, had rendered her thoughtful : she saw the value of the sacrifice so good a man was willing to make for her, as well as that of the situation he offered her. With tender gratitude she gave him her hand, and with due consideration promised him obedience, not only in the letter but the spirit ; and well did she keep her vow.

Month after month passed on, and no desire was manifested in the young wife to step aside from the path prescribed, or tempt her husband to infringe on his accustomed habits and duties. On the contrary she sought to increase her knowledge, that she might partake his motives of action, and not only conform to his will, but sympathize in his feelings and adopt his sentiments. She read her Bible diligently, listened to her minister humbly, and became the beloved daughter (in the faith) of the people who had deprecated her evil influence ; and her innocent cheerful-



ness (which increased as her young heart emerged from its past troubles) at the same time communicated that blameless pleasure, which even the gravest men partake in the society of a lovely and sensible young woman.

The happiness of Andrews was complete—his dull and monotonous existence had received an impetus—an excitement, which he knew not till now could be experienced in his bosom. In his Mary he felt himself the possessor of a treasure the wide world could not purchase, for the excellence of her conduct gave him cause of exultation he had not dared to expect. He entertained also no little self-congratulation on the subject of her love; and as he was indeed well-looking, probably indulged the belief that he was “a marvellous proper man,” seeing that one so young and fair never sought to move from his side, or accept even a casual glance of admiration. How far he was right in concluding her attachment was as ardent as his own it is useless to inquire. Mary was, perhaps, too happy, and too busy, to know much on the subject: she was a dutiful wife, and a fondly-indulged one: she became the mother of a son on whom she doated, and whom her husband held second in his affections only to herself; her time passed alike pleasantly and usefully—she was happy, and sensible of her happiness.

One Sunday morning in the second year of his marriage, as Andrews was setting out to chapel, (accompanied, as usual, by his beloved partner,) a young man about eighteen, decently clothed, but of vulgar appearance, put a note into his hand, which, he said, required immediate attention.

Mary stepped forward whilst her husband opened the billet. It informed him that a club had been formed at a neighbouring village for the purpose of purchasing watches, and since the members were working men, and had not the power of meeting on any other day, they wished him to come to them at a place specified at one o'clock, and bring with him some watches of a quality he could recommend.

To do business on the Sabbath day,

either directly or indirectly, was as contrary to the principles as it had hitherto been opposite to the practice of Andrews—he closed the note with the air of one about to give a decided negative to the proposal.

At this moment his eye fell on Mary: he saw that she was again likely to increase his family—recollected that of late his business had been indifferent. Surely, he ought not, could not neglect or renounce any means which tended to her comfort! In another moment he signified his intention of accompanying the bearer, as he was desired by the writer of the billet.

Stepping after Mary he placed the mis-spelt document in her hand, and explained, in a few words, the necessity he was under of leaving her to go to chapel alone.

“But surely you cannot go on the Sabbath day, my dear Andrews? You would not forsake the worship of God for *any* temporal benefit, however great; and—”

The young man observed, “They had no time to lose, it was a long walk;” on which Andrews said, “Dear Mary, you are sure I know what I am about. Good bye, I shall be with you at tea-time, my love.”

In another minute he was out of sight, and the poor girl, (she was only just eighteen,) with a sense of equal shame and loneliness, pursued her way (for the first time reluctantly) to chapel. She had held her husband in such high estimation as a religious man, she so well recollected the predictions of her becoming a snare to him, and was so conscious of the pains she had taken to avert that prediction, by walking humbly, and submissively, in the same path with him, that from every view she took of the subject her mind became more dissatisfied. For the first time she experienced that dreadful sensation inflicted by a sense of shame, and confusion of face, on behalf of him who had hitherto been not less her guide and guardian, than the object of her esteem and admiration. She left the chapel in haste and trepidation, avoiding the greetings of friends, and sate down to her solitary dinner dejected and unhappy.

In the mean time Andrews accompanied his guide in silence for two or three miles, when, rousing himself from oppressive thoughts, he became suddenly talkative, and asked numerous questions respecting the houses and lands around him, though he paid apparently little attention to the answers he received from his companion, who was frequently a little behind. The country they were passing through is charmingly diversified by hill and dale, and patches of snow partially dispersed over it in a frosty day, when the sun shone beautifully, added to its interest and variety, and could hardly fail to exhilarate the spirits of one "in populous city pent," as Andrews generally was. It is certain he walked briskly forward, as he had reached a little hilly common, which looked directly upon the village to which he was proceeding, just when its population poured out of the village church after morning service.

Many of the congregation were bending their steps towards the common he was crossing, and which was about half a mile from the church. On observing this, Andrews checked his steps, and (under a renewed sense of impropriety, undoubtedly,) declared that "he would not enter the place until the people were dispersed: he did not choose to be seen as a Sabbath-breaker."

His companion was again behind, and did not answer, but, the moment Andrews stood still in accordance with his late declaration, a violent blow, from a heavy-headed stick, struck him on the temples, and laid him prostrate on the ground. Whether memory, or even sensation, remained to the unhappy man can never be known: we only know that he stretched out his hand as if to grapple with his murderer, or to guard against a reiterated blow; but before he had attained such power, advantage was taken of his position, a knife was drawn across his throat—then thrust into it—the struggle was over—the most horrible of all crimes was completed!

The young wife had waited long for her tea, and taken it at length with little relish, fearful that her husband had lost his road, or been led by the

commission of one error into another. Her mind laboured with the sense of impending misfortune, because it was oppressed by a consciousness of error, and neither the cares of a mother, nor the smiles of her boy, could wile away hours so fraught with solicitude.

About ten o'clock the maid ushered two strange-looking men into her parlour, who entered with that air of right to intrude, naturally assumed by all whose business is important, but which, at the present moment, alarmed her exceedingly; and, clasping her child eagerly to her bosom, she informed them, first that "her husband was not at home," and then immediately inquired "if they could tell her where he was?"

Surprised by her youth and beauty, and deeply commiserating her situation, the men answered her evasively, but questioned her closely as to the hour of her husband's departure, the property he took with him, and the persons with whom he departed.

To the time she could speak but too exactly, the property she apprehended to be two or three watches besides his own, and she remembered that he had three guineas, and a little silver, in his purse.

"But the persons who went with him?"

There was only "a thickset lad under eighteen," named in the note which she produced, wherein he was called "Francis Fearn." This note the one who announced himself a constable took possession of, and, as if fearful of trusting his own feelings, he then bustled away, saying, "She would hear more about it by and bye." This he took care to effect by calling up her nearest female neighbour, and committing to her the dreadful task of imparting the horrible and agonizing truth.

The man in question traced through the night the wretched being so young in years, and so old in guilt; and, strange to say, they found him asleep at the house of his aunt, in the town of S—d, to which he had returned at the hour of eight on Sunday evening. The officers entered about the dawn, and being awakened by their entrance, he started up in bed, and exclaimed, "I did not kill him! It

was not me!" before a word had been spoken.

Of course he was taken, and committed to York Castle. On his trial the knife found in poor Andrews's throat was proved to be *his*, and the watch found on him was proved to be poor Andrews's. Therefore no doubt could be entertained of his guilt, though his youth, and his evident inability to cope with a man of Andrews's stature, had they met on equal terms, exercised the ingenuity of his counsel, and excited the closest investigation from the jury.

But there was one witness, who, far more than all others, excited the attention and awoke the sympathy of the court. This was the young and beautiful widow, scarcely recovered from that premature confinement the shock had occasioned her, and who appeared at this time so fragile as to seem scarcely "a creature of earth's mould," and for whom every heart of "penetrable stuff" must feel the pity awakened for a bereaved wife, and the anxiety due to an afflicted daughter.

When desired by the judge (in the most soothing and considerate manner) to look at the prisoner, she struggled to obtain composure, and deliberately turned towards him, but in another moment suddenly covered her eyes, and exclaiming, "Oh! yes, that is the man!" sunk down insensible, and was carried out of the court. There was no need to distress her further, and the lady of the then sheriff, with an humanity that does honour to her memory, conveyed her to her own house, and carefully watched over the welfare of one so singularly circumstanced and so blamelessly unfortunate.

After sentence was pronounced, and the murderer re-conducted to his cell, he made a full confession of his crime, and dwelt with accuracy on the words and manner of his victim during the walk we have specified, alleging, as his reason for committing the deed, the desire he had long entertained to possess a watch, in consequence of which he had contrived to forge the letter to Andrews. Perhaps in the annals of murder few cases have occurred, in which more early depravity

was evinced, or more of that stupid carelessness, as to consequences, which approaches to fatalism. It is worthy of remark, that in his last moments this young man protested against his late master, as having by mistaken lenity "given his life to the hangman and his flesh to the crows." "I stole a goose from him," said he, "and he forgave me when he ought to have horsewhipped me."

When the property of poor Andrews was examined, it was found that although he had been a thriving man, there was not a sufficient capital to afford his widow and child a decent competence. When this was revealed to the sufferer, with her wonted good sense and good feeling, she intreated her friends to place her in a way to improve it, and accordingly a purchase was made for her of a share in a millinery business. In this situation she exerted herself so wisely, that no doubt could be entertained of her success, had she continued in it; but one so lovely and meritorious, and whose sad story inevitably excited so much interest, was not likely to remain long "unwooed" nor (her age considered) "unwon."

Four or five years after poor Andrews's death, she gave her hand to a worthy young man, who was not only an excellent husband to her, but an affectionate father to her son. At the time when I first saw her, she was the mother of two little girls; still very handsome and youthful in her appearance, and of refined and perfectly unaffected manners. Her conversation displayed the deepest sensibility, piety, modesty, and good sense; but her countenance retained some aspect of tender dejection, notwithstanding the happy circumstances under which she had passed the latter portion of her life.

I have not seen her for many years, but trust she is yet living, surrounded by her children, and blessed by every domestic comfort. Should this sad memorial of sorrows long past meet her eye, or that of those who love her, it is hoped that they will hold it blameless thus to record her misfortunes, since they are so largely mingled with her virtues.



## THE MAY QUEEN.

BY WILLIAM MINOT, JUN. ESQ.

THE gladden'd lark his wing was streaking,  
 For his early and upward flight,  
 And morning in the east was breaking  
 In a pure flood of rosy light !  
 And Nature, all in her rich array,  
 Laugh'd as she welcom'd the first of May.

The maidens smil'd, as the youths appear'd,  
 Bearing the votive wreath on high ;  
 And guileless beauty the triumph shar'd  
 Which she read in a sister's eye—  
 For rivalry fled the blissful scene  
 As they danc'd around their May-day Queen !

The freshest flowers adorn'd her hair,  
 And freshest flow'rs where'er she trod  
 With a sweeter perfume fill'd the air—  
 Dyed with a brighter tint the sod—  
 For she mov'd on beds of roses, bright  
 As a thing that walks the fields of light.

Her beaming eyes of the purest blue  
 Lighted a face as sweet as fair,  
 Which show'd, as it met the tranced view,  
 A fairy intelligence there :—  
 And her red lips were parted the while  
 By the soft light of an angel's smile.

The nymphs and the swains around her danc'd,  
 As they held by her flow'ry zone ;  
 And each as he pass'd, in triumph glanc'd,  
 And led on to the rustic throne.  
 And now behold her in prideless state—  
 The homag'd Queen of the village fête.

Faster and faster the dancers flew—  
 They mark'd not the flush on her cheek,  
 Nor the beautiful paleness that grew  
 In its place, as she strove to speak—  
 Nor the dimness that pass'd o'er her eye :—  
 But they stopp'd at the voice of her sigh.

Their mirth it was changed to weeping,  
 As they knelt round her fainting form,  
 Which resembled a Peri's sleeping  
 'Mid flow'rs that had ne'er known a storm :  
 And she look'd as if a dream of bliss  
 Had borne her to sunnier climes than this !

Who prays o'er her form in deep delight,  
 Murmuring love in every word ?  
 Who gazes on *her* with looks so bright ?  
 'Tis *he*—'tis *he* the castle-lord !  
 The battle's best pride the chief had been—  
 And now he kneels to the village queen !  
 His hand's soft pressure—his voice of love  
 Recall'd the thrill of life again ;  
 And her murmuring lips in softness move  
 Answers sweet to his blissful strain.

And clasp'd in affection's fold are seen  
 The warrior knight and the village queen!  
 The friendly pastor was near at hand,  
 And he bless'd as he join'd the pair:  
 And the rustic group, a happy band,  
 Echoed his blessing and his pray'r.  
 Yes! pray'r was heard where the dance had been—  
 And th' young lord wedded the MAY-DAY QUEEN.

### THE BONNIE BLUE E'E.

BY JOHN IMLAH, ESQ.

O! LOVE to the lass wi' the bonnie blue e'e,  
 O! Love to the lass wi' the bonnie blue e'e,  
 Tho' sma' be her tocher, and laigh her degree,  
 Here's love to the lass wi' the bonnie blue e'e.  
 The blue e'e o' beauty, how sweet and how dear,  
 When dipt in the dew o' a trembling bright tear,  
 And how blithe is its smile in the sunshine o' glee,  
 For love's in the light o' the bonnie blue e'e!  
 Then love to the lass, &c.

There's meikle o' mischief in ebon-black e'en,  
 As weel I may say to my sorrow, I ween,  
 A will-o-the-wisp blinks their wildfire to me;  
 But the beacon o' truth is the bonnie blue e'e.  
 Then love to the lass, &c.

Thou star of my destiny! beaming and bright,  
 Thou blue orb o' beauty, o' language and light,  
 Thou load-star o' lovers! my blessing on thee,  
 And love to the lass wi' the bonnie blue e'e.  
 Then love to the lass, &c.

### MOTHER AND SON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

SHE was lovely, in spite of the disordered state of her mind and person, anguishingly interesting from the plaintive look which characterized the expression of her soft blue eyes, heart-searching from a mute unmediated appeal to pity, which the smile of resignation planted in her captivating countenance. In a word, she was, under the visitation which overtook her, in her youth and beauty, a most striking object; a figure which would have arrested the attention of an abstracted metaphysician, and have warmed the heart of the most frigid, ascetical stoic. The negligence of her dress gave to it an indescribable something that told the examiner that taste and elegance had once been hers; and when she stood in a pon-

dering attitude, one might have mistaken her for the master-piece statue of a Grecian chisel.

There is, in the calmness of woe, something majestic, which is borrowed from beauty under suffering; the writhing of agony is fearful and repulsive, but when fine features are becalmed by patient anguish, the effect is the same as the grave modest evening tints produce on the once sunny scene around. Thus, too, eyes which have sparkled and lips which have smiled, when clad in the mourning of the heart, attach where they once captivated, interest where they have created a warmer feeling. Fine flexible limbs, covered with flowing drapery, presented at once both dignity and grace; and ever and anon, as

she heaved a sigh, spake in a low tone to herself, or answered questions in a sweet plaintive note, she created attraction of a most uncommon cast. Such was Emma at the period when she was seen by the author of this faintly-traced sketch. The meridian of her life had not long struck upon her, and had happiness been her portion, hers would have been a sunny prime; but blighted hope, sad seclusion, the solitude of the heart and the worm of repentance half withered the rose of health and peace, so that it seemed like the drooping flower, blushing on to its close, and shedding fragrance around it in its deep and precipitate decline.

She had lingered out a great portion of her days in confinement; their commencement only led her from a school to the hymeneal altar; from the endearing titles of wife and mother, to be first a fugitive, next cut off from society, and lastly to the being immured in a private mad-house. Short was her dream of conjugal felicity, shorter still the delights which maternity brings with it to the tender female heart; and what effected all this afflicting, overpowering ruin? A fatal error; doubtless, a culpable error; but so interwoven with perplexity and sad circumstance, that the eye which condemns it cannot refuse the tear of commiseration to the frail fair one who committed it. At the age of sixteen was Emma drawn from the retirement of a school to become the bride of a man of fashion and fortune, and of high military rank. Liberty, the world, a name, and enviable station in society, the gaudy trappings of the military dress had irresistible attractions for her novice-fancy; nor were flattery, passion, promised attachment, or gratifying attentions, wanting on the part of the bridegroom, to win her hand and early inclinations.

She was married, she was admired, toasted, praised, courted, and launched into a round of pernicious pleasures and perilous situations. The general (then a colonel) was proud of her, was pleased to show her on horseback and in public walks, at theatres and at court, at masks and revels, scenes of

fashionable gaming, and in the society of titled *rouées* and quality-women of intrigue; with them had he mixed from a very early age, and it was now his ambition, after alternately leading and being led astray, to be considered the most fortunate of husbands, and the partner of one of the most beautiful women of her day; this too without any great change of conduct on his part, without what he deemed unfashionable attention and adherence to his wife, without that devotion to her person and society which alone can insure the lasting comforts of wedded life. He was flattered when the idle insect train of foplings buzzed about her; he viewed with unmoved indifference the incense of flattery offered at the altar of vanity. He was nowise apprehensive of the arts of practised seducers who had been his companions; nor cautious as to the female acquaintances to whom he introduced her. To this laxity of principle and tepidity of love, (if love it could at all be named,) he added the self-approving stories of his former gallantries, and with them he would amuse her when accident afforded a short *tête-à-tête*; for his engagements kept him often from her, and the rest of his time was either devoted to routs, balls, parties, *et cætera*, in which she was included, or to the feverish sleeping off of head-aches and disturbed rest. After a few months, the fashionable pair lived almost in public, and when the first dream of passion had subsided, he became quite indifferent as to the charms and company of her who had lost her greatest attraction by becoming his; nor did he abstain from flirting with other women, nor from treating her with neglect. Her pride was piqued, she resorted to complaint; he met it by ill humour and repulsion; she then affected indifference, which he treated with contempt. Female advisers counselled her to make him jealous. She tried it, but it failed, for a new captivation drew him from her, and he neither observed nor suspected the game which she was playing. Actual alienation of affection now gained possession of a heart formed for ardent

love and constancy, had the former been watched and fostered, and the latter returned by a reciprocal preference.

The measure of her misery was yet not filled up. As the thoughtless moth flutters round the taper's light, until from first scorching his wings, the flame at last consumes him; so do they who first sportively flirt and flutter with the flame of impure love, at length become victims to it; the flattering sensations which exclusive assiduities produce, the unwearied and continuous series of respectful attentions, which grow warmer and warmer by degrees, and thus loosen the safeguard chain of caution. The victory gained over envious belles, and the honied words of admiration and attachment stealing on the mind, effect at last what no foresight could possibly have provided for. It is the commencement of this siege, laid by the libertine against virtue, that is to be dreaded. Once successfully begun, the first parallel completed, circumvallation and surrender will certainly take place, unless sudden flight be resorted to.

This was not the case with poor devoted Emma; that fatal winter's campaign, signalized by a decisive *engagement* of the heart, closed the gates of peace upon her, and gave her to ruin. The society of a noble lord, a finished courtier, and one who had passed the summer of his useless pleasurable life in royal circles, and in lady's bowers, became first habitual to her, and soon absolutely necessary. Nor did he fail in bringing into the field his many accomplishments and fascinations, to show forth, in glowing colours, the unkindness and defects of the colonel, who opposed no antidote by amiability and constancy on his part, so that Emma daily discovered something in the peer which made him peerless in her eyes; and every meeting discovered, as she conceived, some good quality that her husband had not. She had just become a mother, and her mate neglected her more than usual at this period, and turned it into one of increased dissipation; whilst written communications came twice a day

from her ardent admirer, describing himself broken-hearted at being deprived of the happiness of seeing her. At length she resigned her infant son to a nurse, and once more appeared in the gayest circles, attended invariably by her constant cavalier. Up to this moment she was a stranger to actual transgression, although the world, and, above all, her female acquaintance, did not give her credit for being such; nor was this circumstance let slip by her seducer, to shake the remnant of firmness which she possessed.

The colonel was promoted, and got a command abroad; his lady excused herself from accompanying him, on account of delicate health. The air of the sea-coast was deemed necessary to re-establish it; and thither she went, and was followed by the false lord.

Letters from abroad grew less frequent and shorter; she had headaches, or was in a hurry to catch the post hour when she had answers to make; her style altered; but the greatest alteration was in her conduct; her health was excellent, her looks most captivating, her deportment was gay and unguarded,—need we say more?

She had now become the town-talk of Brighton. She was lost. The trumpet of exposure reached the quarter in which the neglectful husband commanded. His happiness and peace of mind were both in his own keeping; he might once have insured both, but he cast from him the flower of promise, and it was now too late. Suspicion only was the cause of his sudden return; on it he founded a quarrel; fixed upon Emma's paramour, whilst the same cause drew down a furious attack, and the most unqualified invectives and accusations fell on her. She only replied by tears; conviction was wanting, but silence, or a very feeble defence, spoke volumes.

The insulted peer, little used to brook provocation, behaved towards the general with most unbending hauteur. A meeting took place, the former was severely, but not mortally, wounded. The latter decided



on separating from his wife ; but when he returned to the house where she had resided, she had fled ; the dread of once more facing her injured and infuriated husband, the affliction at the perilous state of him on whom she had fixed her wandered heart, drove her to a state of agony not to be described. Under its impression she fled for shelter to a female friend, who would not receive her. Her family's protection she had forfeited ; and now, for the first time, she saw the gulph beneath her feet, her fall, her being cut off from society. The illness and confinement of her seducer deprived her of his society, which, if it could not console, would, at least, have given some diversion to her thoughts, by directing them in another course. Her last resource was to take a solitary abode, and to communicate, through a lawyer, with him whose love and esteem she had forfeited, and to sue for terms of separation. This overture was answered by directions, chalked out with all the unforgiving severity that a hot head and jealous heart could dictate ; and above all, her parting for ever with her child, and living at a distance from town, were insisted on. To these she acceded with the bitterest affliction that ever visited human mind.

Her seducer was fast recovering, and before she could retire to North Wales, he sent her proposals to take up her residence with him ; but this was not to be. The peer, surrounded by his base associates, had come out of the field of gallantry with what they deemed flying colours. He had won the lady, and paid the forfeit of his blood for the tenure. She was very young, very lovely, and he was envied for his prize. He had figured to himself a splendid state of triumphant vice, and the exhibition of an object of singular attraction, as his, to the youths of amatory adventures and notoriety. He had done more, felicity shown in perspective to him, for Emma was sweet, mild, tender, gentle, accomplished, and companionable. Full of these anticipations, he hastened to her dwelling, where he found a statue of living woe, a

being bereft of reason, the outward form of all that the heart of man could desire, bereft of mind, disordered, alienated from all but repentance and suffering. She was watched by persons in her apartment, until the orders of her husband were received as to the removing her to a private mad-house.

With streaming eyes and dishevelled tresses she sat, unconscious of all around her, clasping the miniature of her husband to her heart, and muttering a prayer for pardon. Her lover approached her, and she knew him not, but a scream rung in his ear, like a peal of thunder, and chased him from her presence. She was now unmanageable, and the order for her close confinement coming from her cruel husband, a straight-waistcoat was placed on her, and she was conveyed to the dreary pile from which she never departed. Nor did the author of her ruin ever see her more. Thus does the Great Disposer of events plant thorns around the rosy pillow of guilty bliss ; thus does he dash the cup of voluptuousness from the lip of unchaste desire. Poor Emma ! the discipline of barbarous keepers, exhaustion, bleeding, and lowering diet, brought her to a state of languid quiescence ; but the devouring worm still fed upon her susceptible heart. The peer died suddenly ; her husband lived a life of hatred and disappointment, and died unreconciled to her who supplicated for a word of forgiveness whenever any communication betwixt her physician and the general took place. Another trial now awaited her.

Her lucid intervals being of so long a duration, the rigours of the system of the establishment were much relaxed ; for she had won all around her by her gentleness, humility, and kindness. She was perfectly harmless, and nearly perfectly rational, but corroding grief preyed on her vitals, remorse wrung tears from her daily, and almost hourly, and, to the affliction of having lost a husband, she now added a tenfold greater anguish for having parted with her only child. What he was, what he might be, were continually before her eyes ; her heart

sickened to clasp him to her guilty, but not less fond, bosom; but this mournful satisfaction was forbidden. Often did the youth, in his childhood, inquire what was become of his mother, and this was replied to by evasions; but when he grew older he was commanded, without further comment, never to name her; at the same time an old family servant revealed to him the secret of her fall, of her sufferings, and of her actual residence. He felt his pride wounded, yet did unabated filial piety tenant his heart. From the period of his arriving at years of reflection,

“Melancholy mark’d him for her own.”

The loss of his mother was ever in his thoughts: he felt incomplete in his happiness, having a stern father, and wanting a fond, tender mother to sweeten many severities, and to bind him to existence. The loss of a mother is irreparable: no paternal affection can replace her, nothing can represent her: the pursuits of man are at variance with the endearing habits of a maternal comforter: she is doubly ours by the laws of Nature and by what she has done and suffered for us. The son who has lost his father by death, absence, or desertion, is, doubtless, deprived of much; if from either of the two first causes, he must feel the want of his love, support, advice, and example, perhaps even of his instructions; if by the last, he has to lament both the cause and the effect; but he who is bereft of her whose bosom bore him, whose clasped arms hugged him to her heart, who has pillowed his infant head, and nourished him with her blood, wants a bond the sweetest and most holy that unites us together: there is no love like this: it may be more impassioned, warmer, and livelier, more active and enchanting, but it cannot flow in the same heavenly course as filial sentiment towards her who has borne us, and been our first object of attraction and happiness, our own mother, our first friend and provider for our wants: such has Nature ordained her to be. The son, too, (if he be not a wretch,) clings to his mother, because as he increases in

years he ought to be her pride, her protector, and her support: he, therefore, who is motherless, with that parent existing, but lost to him by fate, or by disgrace, has indeed a sufficient cause for desolating disappointment. All these sentiments were keenly felt by the son of Emma, who resembled her as the reflected rainbow does the sweet, peaceful arch from which it is drawn, and, as we have had occasion to observe before, his early life was tinged with melancholy from the stain which a seducer had fixed upon his parent’s honour, and from being thereby deprived of her, whose disconsolate life and impaired reason were daily paying the price of her transgression.

At the age of sixteen (but manly of his age, and grave in disposition,) he determined to see his dear, lost mother, and, if possible, to keep up some future communication with her; resolving, should she survive his father, and recover her reason in the smallest degree, to remove her, and to have her with him. His departure from the country to join his regiment abroad was favourable to this determination, and he stopped in London for no other purpose. With an increased tide of blood, with high-beating heart, and trepidating limbs, he reached the dreary pile where she was confined, and, after asking a variety of questions from the keeper of the asylum, he made his name and intentions known both to the man and his wife. The latter, who felt actual fondness for their patient, advised him by no means to make himself known to her on this first visit, as the shock would be too violent, and would probably chase the spark of reason for ever, for never was sensitive being made up of fibres so exquisitely delicate, and which, like the chords of a highly finished instrument, produced, by turns, ecstasy and agony; it was therefore agreed upon, that he should be introduced as a relation of the proprietor’s wife, who felt, from the account given by her, warmly interested for the suffering lady. Emma was pacing the garden, with a book in her hand, in deep mourning (a garb which she always wore), and with a

full lace veil thrown back from her polished brow; she stopped and fixed her looks intently on the young soldier, a suffusion of crimson overspread her face, whilst a tear, reflecting at once the tints of surprize, admiration, and tenderness, stood in her full eye. Mrs. — advanced and presented the young man, who, forgetting all prudence, foresight, promise, and calculation, fell on his knees, and seizing his mother's hand, pressed it to his bosom; this sudden act of affection overpowered her, and, recollecting that the libertine lord had done the same, from far other motives, she gave a loud shriek, and flew away to hide herself in a bower. The proprietor's wife followed her, and apologizing for the conduct of the youth, occasioned, as she pretended, from the lady's strong resemblance to a sister of his, who was no more, she again led him to her, and left them to enter into conversation together; his own account of her was, that she was perfectly rational, she gave him a great deal of good advice, and wept profusely on hearing that he had just embraced a military life. "You soldiers," said she, "are great deceivers; for the love of Heaven never trifle with woman's heart, and, above all, never seduce her mind; crime then must follow, that was my case." Here she would have sunk upon the earth, had not her son caught her in his arms and led her again to the bower, where recovering her strength, she took his arm and walked with him for a considerable time. Mrs. — now fearing that the exertion, and talking so much (for she was generally taciturn), would flurry her spirits, interrupted them and advised them to part. "I could walk with him for ever," said she, a little flurried, "but we must part; may I give him a chaste kiss?" "Certainly." "I hope I am not doing wrong, but he has made an indescribable impression on me, and yet I dare swear that my love for him is innocent. Farewell, sweet youth, fare-

well, my child; child, perhaps, of sorrow; and if so mine indeed: fare thee well, kind soul!" Her son was almost in hysterics, and they were torn asunder. She was all that night in a high state of delirium, and ever and anon muttered "Miserable me! a widow with a husband, a mother without a child; would that this youth were mine! but I have banished him and killed my *husband*, leaving the *man* of my childish choice still alive."

The pious son wrote a letter to his mother, with instructions that it should be given to her with great precaution, and prefaced by much delicate explanation; he also left money and strict orders that every possible wish of her's should be gratified; in his letter he explained to her his fears that the discovering himself to her at their last interview might have endangered her health and reason (for he treated her as one in full possession of mind), adding, that she should hear from him often, that he lived for her alone, and looked forward with fond hope and confidence that he should soon return and deliver her from her captivity; he wrote at the same time to his father, who was furious at what he called the *liberty he had taken, and the espousing the cause of dishonour*. The frequent affectionate letters from this phoenix of sons restored tranquillity to his mother; hope led her by the hand, and she daily trod her weary path with cheerful submission; but this temporary calm was of short duration; the letters ceased to arrive, and her exemplary child had ceased to breathe. A hostile climate snatched this flower of promise from her bosom's waste, her husband died unreconciled, and she remained in confinement; dejection now bent her to the earth, and her existence may be best collected from the following lines, traced by her own hand, in the bower where she embraced her unknown son:—

"I loathe this life, yet dare not wish to die,  
But number all my days by misery."

## SORROW'S CHILD.

BY JAMES KNOX.

SWEET! if I could dispel the gloom  
 That hovers round my brow,  
 Thou shouldst behold a ray illumine  
 My mournful visage now:  
 At festivals, when others feel  
 That joy hath on them smil'd,  
 The tear drop to mine eye will steal,  
 For I am Sorrow's Child.

Then, pri'thee, ask me not to-night  
 To touch my sad guitar,  
 For why, amid the festal light,  
 Should I thy pleasures mar?  
 Away from all the gay ones here  
 I'll seek the forest wild,  
 That none may note the starting tear,  
 For I am Sorrow's Child!

## STANZAS.

THERE is a smile with feeling fraught,  
 That well the bosom's mood may speak  
 In fullest truth—yet is it not  
 The smile that beams on Beauty's cheek—  
 It is the smile whose hellish glow  
 Lights the stern features of a foe!  
 There is a clasp that's never broken,  
 A close embrace that nought can move—  
 Yet well though truth it may betoken,  
 It is not the embrace of love—  
 It is the clasp of grappling foes  
 In the death-struggle's fatal close.  
 There is a laugh that ne'er imparts  
 A glad communicative power;  
 'Tis not the burst of careless hearts,  
 In reckless pleasure's idle hour:  
 It is the laugh of scorn, as when  
 Demons exult o'er falling men!

CHARLES M.

## THE AGED PENITENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE RESCUED TEMPLAR.

THERE are few persons who can witness the sports of children without mingled emotions of pleasure and pain, defying all attempts at analysis or description. The jocund laugh, the merry voice, the restless eye, the dancing step, awaken in our bosom the echoes of joys that seemed to have sunk into oblivion, but reason soon declares that they are *only* echoes, and that the reality is gone from us, and gone for ever. Happy are they in the recesses of whose hearts no deeper and more bitter regret than that arising from the remembrance of past pleasures is awakened;—there are some who, on such occasions, must wail over time mis-spent, character blighted, and honour irrecoverably lost. To such—be their bosoms ever so callous, be



their feelings ever so blunted—the sight of youthful innocence is inexpressibly bitter. With them the fearful curse of the Roman poet is realized—they see virtue, and pine vainly for the loveliness which they have forsaken.—They pine vainly, for memory refuses to resign the images which guilt has branded on the soul; and even could they purchase the blessings of oblivion, how can they efface the dark records from the minds of others? These reflections were forced on my attention some months since, by an occurrence which I witnessed during one of my pedestrian excursions in the county of Wexford.

The day had been uncommonly fine, and a bracing breeze had kept me from feeling heat or fatigue as I clambered over the rocks and precipices of Mount Leinster: now watching the effects of the light and shade that streaked the plains of Carlow to the west, now striving to catch a view of the sea-line that terminated the perspective of Wexford on the eastern side. I rambled on, “chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies,” until the shades of evening began to fall, and I recollected for the first time that I was ignorant of the road to the village where I designed to sleep. After a smart walk of two hours, I reached a cart-track that led me to a mountain gorge, which bears the name of Scollow Gap, and through which the route I had to take passed. Guessing at the direction of the village as well as I could, I pursued my course, hoping to meet some passenger who would afford me his guidance. Seldom have I felt more solitary than during the hour that I paced the road without meeting a human being. I have ever found the feeling of loneliness produced by something artificial; on the mountain top, on the wild beach, on the open shore, I never wanted, I never wished, for a companion—there Nature, with a thousand voices, discoursed sweet eloquence, and viewless creations of fancy lived and breathed around me. But the beaten road, the track of the wheel, the trodden grass, bring the images of human society, and by their contrast, inspire the feelings of solitude. It was not until Robinson Crusoe saw the

MAY, 1831.

print of a human footstep that he felt himself completely alone.

It was with a thrill of inexpressible delight that I suddenly perceived, at a sharp turn of the road, a man standing apparently lost in thought. Seldom have I seen a more commanding or a more interesting figure; his face was bronzed by a tropical sun, but the clear blue eye and the bright lip of the genuine Celt were unchanged; his lofty stature was unbent, though silver hair and a furrowed brow showed that time had stamped him with the seal of age; his dress, like my own, was equivocal; it might belong to a farmer or a tourist, to a hunter after partridges or an amateur of the picturesque. But Nature had written nobility on his brow in legible characters, and I addressed him with involuntary respect.—“Can you tell me, sir, the shortest road to Newtown?”—“I am going thither, and shall be glad of your society, for I am wearied of being alone.” I assured him that my feelings were similar, we joined company, and soon became as familiar as if we had known each other for years.

The distance we had to walk was about seven miles, but my companion offered to take me by a shorter path which led over the top of a hill that formed a kind of out-work to Mount Leinster. I was not a little surprised to find, that though my new associate knew the country intimately, he was totally unacquainted with the inhabitants. He knew where each seat and villa lay, but the names of the possessors he could not supply. Our conversation was animated—full of the enthusiasm which the mountain prospects had inspired. I viewed every thing on its bright side, and spoke with all the fervour which youthful anticipations inspire; the conversation of the stranger was not merely melancholy but misanthropic, and he more than once expressed pity for the disappointments which such glowing views of life would entail when my visionary pictures were destroyed by stern reality. This difference made us objects of curiosity to each other, and preserved the interest which both perhaps began to feel. As we descended a hill, the last rays of the setting sun fell on

the ruins of what must have been a large mansion; desolation had manifestly reigned long in its halls, the grass waved on the walls, moss covered the grotesque carvings which adorned its doors and windows, the wall-flowers sprung out of every little crevice where a handful of earth could have accumulated. I turned to my companion, in order to request him to come up and examine the ruins nearer, but was startled at the effect which the sight had produced on him. His hands were clenched, his teeth set, his brow contracted, his eyes glaring wildly and fiercely. To my reiterated queries, he made no reply, but with a sudden burst of emotion, exclaimed—"Even thus should the home appear to its returning lord—all is gone since last he saw these walls—family and friends—name and fame—oh! why does life continue?" Involuntarily, I repeated half aloud the line of Juvenal:—

"Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas."

"To save our life, lose all that gives it worth."

He started, and turning round, asked, "what do you know of that fearful history?" I professed my inability to understand him, and suddenly changing the conversation, he proposed that we should hasten to Newtown and secure our beds at the hotel. The remainder of the journey was passed in comparative silence; we arrived at Newtown about seven in the evening, procured such a dinner as a country inn affords, and seemed fast relapsing into a mutual forgetfulness of intercourse.

The evening was so inviting from the clear light of a cloudless moon, that I resolved to have a short walk before going to bed, especially as I had heard of a waterfall in the neighbouring park, whose appearance by moonlight was one of the *great sights* in the county. On expressing my resolution to walk out, the stranger offered his company, and while I meditated the best form of a refusal, assumed his hat and seized my arm. I wished him at the time a thousand miles off, because solitude is absolutely necessary to the enjoyment of a moonlight landscape; but there was no means of

escape, and we went together towards the demesne.

Just as we quitted the village, the sounds of youthful merriment met our ear, and as we proceeded, the sight of a dozen children engaged in their little sports drove the waterfall and all its anticipated beauties from my memory. I have never ceased to be a child—even at this hour their sports and plays have more interest for me than the dangerous toys of politics and economics, and I forget the lapse of years when I feel myself more interested in the success of a kite's ascent than in any of the flights attempted by statesmen or commanders. In these impressions, for the first time, I obtained the sympathy of my companion, who stood by me, gazing intently on a lively game of leap-frog, as if he longed to fling off the load of years and join the merry group. Boys soon perceive the sympathy of spectators, and are proportionally excited; leaps were given which had never been before attempted; bounds that boyish ambition had never dreamed of passing were essayed with success. My attention was early directed to an intelligent little fellow, the wag of the party, whose remarks on every leap, good and bad, were invariably received with shouts of merriment. By a kind of youthful instinct which I have frequently observed, he perceived that he was noticed, and, like a boy, felt gratified accordingly. He soon showed an anxiety to speak a few words, and drawing near, asked me the hour; I replied that it wanted a very few minutes to nine. "My mother will expect us home then," said he, and shouted, "come James, it is time to return." "You are mistaken, Nixon," said one of his play-mates. My companion, who, during the latter part of the scene, had hung on my arm, gave a convulsive shudder, and turning to the boy, asked, "Is your name Nixon?" "Yes," said the child. "Where do you live?" "In Newtown." "And your father?"—the lad's countenance fell—"My father died at sea the day that James was born," pointing to his younger brother who was coming up. The stranger was about to ask some further question, when his coat was

pulled by another urchin, who led us both a little way aside, and said, "Please, sir, my mother said that we should never say any thing to the Nixons about their grandfather or father." "Why so?" I inquired. "Ask nothing more," said my companion, and hastily dragged me towards the gate of the demesne.

The distance we had to walk was less than a mile, and as we proceeded, my new acquaintance seemed to struggle to suppress his emotions. Weary of silence, I said to him, "How delightful it is to gaze upon the sports of childhood; it almost makes me young again." "There is no sight more bitter, more maddening," he replied, "it recalls the hours of joy and innocence whose memory has been long hid by years of folly, if not of crime—were my worst enemy placed at my disposal, I would not, and I could not, inflict on him a greater torture than to place him

"Where once his careless childhood strayed, A stranger yet to pain."

"Yes," added he, with increased vehemence, "I would bring him after a long lapse of years to his native soil, and make him find his name a mockery, a bye-word, a hissing, and a curse; and while conscience filled his soul with the agonies of guilt, I would blast his sight by the living pictures of innocence."

I was alarmed by his strange language, and though I guessed that he referred to some secret part of his own history, I dared not press him for explanation.

"You are astonished," said he, "and perhaps you ought to be; but if you knew who stands by you, it would astonish you more that the stones cried not out against him. Though a stranger in this part of the country, you must have heard of John Nixon."

"The double traitor?" said I. "Yes—that name is well known—be—who—"

"Name it not, in mercy!" he said, almost with a shriek—and then, mastering his emotion,—"he, you would say, who seduced into treason his friends, his relatives, and his children, and who betrayed them to the ven-

geance of the government for a price—he who appeared before the merciless court-martial as the prosecutor of his own son!"

"Aye," said I, "there are few who have not heard that tale of monstrous treachery; the peasantry, however, hunted him from the land; his house remained tenantless, for no one would dwell within its polluted walls. His sons died the death of traitors; one in the fearful rebellion of 1798, the other a few years since, having been found on board an American ship, fighting against his native land. Frightful was his crime, and fearfully has it been punished."

"Fearfully indeed," rejoined he; "ever since I have been a wanderer on the earth, without home, without name, without an associate. I have returned to my native land to die—I see the children of my child, but dare not make myself known, fearing that my shame should fall upon and crush their innocence. You have my secret, young man; if your own feelings do not bind you to preserve it, promises and oaths would be ineffectual. Oh! when shall this agonized spirit be at peace!"

He threw himself on the ground in a paroxysm of anguish. My first impulse was to rush from the company of one so utterly infamous; but the tortures which he seemed to endure were so violent that I could not bring myself to leave him; I assisted him to rise, and, by my persuasions, he returned to the inn.

On the following morning I prepared to continue my tour, and was not a little embarrassed when the stranger asked me to accompany him a short distance from the town. I indulged him, and we went together towards the ruined mansion which had attracted my notice on the preceding evening. The laugh of merry childhood met our ears as we entered the mouldering walls; and we found within a party of children making nosegays of the wild flowers they had gathered around. We sat down to watch their proceedings; my companion's gloom was continually increasing, and he sighed as if his heart was breaking.



"In this shapeless ruin," he said, "I once was the head of a happy family; ambition led me into public life; I served under the banners of a corrupt ministry; I was their tool, their agent in transactions which would now scarcely be credited—the men who employed, despised me, and allowed their contempt to be seen. Stung almost to madness, I returned home, vowing revenge. The leaders of the United Irishmen offered me the means of vengeance, and I gloried to brood over the future day of retribution which successful insurrection would bring. I soon, however, saw that the cause of conspiracy was hopeless, and to secure my own safety, betrayed the secret to one with whom I had formerly been officially connected. This precipitated, but did not prevent the explosion. My sons were amongst the first to head the insurgents. You know the rest; one was taken and hanged, the other fled to America, but only delayed his fate. Since that fearful hour I have been a lonely exile in lands where my name was unknown. The world believes me dead; and the guardians of my son's children possess documents apparently proving my decease. I have come home, but dare not reveal myself. It is part of my punishment to hear the narrative of my sad history from the old and the young, and to find that merited execration must pursue me beyond the grave. Yet here will I remain—age, climate, a fictitious name, and the belief in my death, conceal me sufficiently. You alone know my intolerable load of wretch-

edness—would that I could now lay it down in the grave."

While he spoke a shriek from the children startled us—one little fellow had got out on the angle of the wall, and, unfortunately slipping, would have been dashed to pieces, had he not, with one hand, grasped a projecting stone. It was manifest that he could not long have retained his hold, and indeed his shrieks, when he felt the stone slipping, showed that no time was to be lost. Before I could arrange any plan, the boy was safe—my companion sprang over the ruins, and mounting the wall, with all the agility of youth, caught the child by the arm, and swung him round to the side where I was standing. I recognized him as the lad to whom I had spoken on the preceding evening, and knew him consequently to be the stranger's grandson. The boy's arm was severely strained, and my companion gently lifted and bore him towards the town; I was obliged to continue my journey, and saw him no more.

About twelve months afterwards I perceived the following notice in a newspaper:—

"Died at Newtown, on the 4th instant, John Norton, esquire. He has left his immense East India property to the Nixon family, with which he is supposed to have been connected. It is reported that he made some important disclosures to the clergyman by whom he was attended, but their nature is matter of conjecture, as they were imparted under a promise of inviolable secrecy." T.

### CONSTANTINE.

BY WM. MINOT, JUN. ESQ.

SCARCE had Religion shed her sacred light  
To burst the gloom that wrapp'd the world in night—  
Scarce had her all celestial promise giv'n  
To the glad soul th' ecstatic hope of Heav'n—  
Or taught fond man to breathe the hallow'd strain  
That told the glories of Messiah's reign,  
Ere clad in terrors Superstition came,  
And girt astonish'd nations with her flame!  
Despair and Anguish settled on her brow,  
Her voice was horror, and her mandate wo!



O'er scenes where late divinest Virtue shone,  
 And Truth, exalted Truth, array'd her throne—  
 Where dove-like Innocence, with Wisdom join'd,  
 Stole on the senses and possess'd the mind—  
 Here the fell Demon lifts her iron rod,  
 O'er scenes like these she pours the tide of blood!  
 With all the dire malignancy of hate  
 She binds the martyr to his cruel fate—  
 Not the meek sufferings of benignant age  
 Lessen th' insatiate fury of her rage!  
 Not all the eloquence of conscious truth,  
 Nor the bold fervour of ingenuous youth,  
 Not Patience smiling on her griefs can gain  
 One ray of mercy from her vengeful train—  
 A ghastly Fiend directs her bloody car,  
 And Murder riots in her mad career—  
 The Christian groans, but in unshaken faith,  
 Triumphant, meets his rich reward in death.  
 The burning iron press'd around his brow—  
 The wheel that breaks each feeling into woe—  
 The scorpion scourge—the ignominious chain—  
 And all the dire vicissitudes of pain  
 Exert their torturing influence in vain.  
 No fears distract him, and no terrors move  
 The treasur'd hope of his exalted love!  
 His blessed Saviour beams upon his sight  
 In all the radiance of celestial light.  
 New strength, new courage, kindle in his breast,  
 At the glad promise of eternal rest—  
 'Trusting alone in Heav'n's auspicious care  
 He dies, breathing his latest breath in pray'r!  
 His soul upborne from scenes of mortal strife,  
 Flies, mounts, and blazes into glorious life.  
 Such was the fate which Christian fervour found,  
 While persecuting Rage confess'd no bound—  
 Thus was the Christian martyr bid to die,  
 Crush'd by accumulated cruelty!  
 Till the meek Spirit of Redeeming Love,  
 Like the bright day-star, from the spheres above,  
 Diffusing light and energy divine,  
 Glow'd in the kingly heart of Constantine—  
 And as he sought the field with stern array,  
 To hurl Maxentius from his rival sway,  
 His heart beat high with hopes of growing fame,  
 And the proud honours of his warlike name—  
 The splendid dream reveals new trophies won,  
 And brighter glories circling round his throne!  
 But lo! what radiance blazes from on high—  
 What mystic vision breaks upon his eye!  
 A cross of rich effulgence glitters there,  
 And character'd in light these words appear—  
 "Conquer by this"—let this your ensign be,  
 Th' emblazon'd pledge of future victory!  
 His awe-struck legions lost in wild amaze,  
 In prostrate fear and breathless silence gaze—  
 A deep'ning chill invests the solemn hour,  
 And chiefs grow pale who never fear'd before—

Not so the mighty Constantine—his breast  
 In fervent gratitude his God confess'd !  
 The wise Lactantius marks his glowing eye,  
 And hears delighted the repentant sigh—  
 Seizes the happy juncture to impart  
 The Christian feelings of his pious heart.—  
 “ Behold, O prince, the finger of thy God !  
 Obey his call nor tempt th' avenging rod—  
 Disown the pagan follies of the day,  
 Break their dark bands, and spurn their recreant sway ;  
 Assume the cross—that mighty emblem giv'n  
 Of Love, and Mercy, and approving Heav'n !  
 Think of the pitying God who died for thee,  
 And oh ! renounce thy mad idolatry !  
 In His bless'd name thine ev'ry hope confide,  
 In Him thy Judge, thy Saviour, and thy Guide !  
 Say does th' immortal soul reap no delight  
 From words of mercy character'd in light ?  
 Then drag thine impious gaze to earth again,  
 Nor dare you sacred mandate to profane ?  
 Hear the bright hope his sainted martyrs give ;  
 Repent, believe, assume the cross and live.”—  
 While thus th' inspir'd sage the king address'd,  
 The noble purpose kindled in his breast—  
 Each wav'ring struggle that had warp'd before  
 His strenuous soul, exerts its pow'r no more.  
 His faith confirm'd—he breathes the heaven-taught pray'r  
 For Grace to strengthen—and for Love to spare—  
 “ Thou God whose pow'r from everlasting shone,  
 The earth thy footstool, and the Heav'n's thy throne.  
 Who was—ere infant worlds confess'd Thy name—  
 Ere Time began his march Eternal and the same !  
 And Thou, the well-beloved of the Lord—  
 The sole-begotten of his holy word—  
 Thou God of God, whose all celestial might  
 Brought life and immortality to light—  
 Whose pitying love the pledge of goodness gave,  
 Who vanquish'd death, and triumph'd o'er the grave.  
 And self-uplifted rose to Heav'n again  
 To share the glory of Thy Father's reign !  
 And Thou, Mysterious Pow'r, whose blest controul  
 Sheds the soft dew of mercy on the soul ;  
 In the third Heav'n receive thy suppliant's pray'r,  
 And snatch his soul from desolate despair !  
 With Grace divine renew my sorrowing heart,  
 And all thy healing influence impart !  
 While my wrapt spirit fix'd on Thee alone,  
 Adores the great mysterious Three in One !”  
 Th' impatient legions watch their Monarch's nod,  
 And kneeling bless their Saviour and their God—  
 A golden cross is on each banner spread,  
 A cross adorns the warrior's helmed head ;  
 Its bright effulgence blazing from each shield,  
 Flashes in terror o'er the tented field ;—  
 While Persecution swelling with disdain  
 Redoubles all the horrors of her reign—  
 “ Revenge, revenge,” th' insatiate fury cries—  
 And startled echo shouts it to the skies—

A settled hate enflames her ghastly brow,  
 The swift forerunner of impending wo:  
 Revenge—revenge—the only thought she knows,  
 For this she pants—with this her bosom glows—  
 The young—the gay—the beautiful resign  
 Their years of promise on her bloody shrine!  
 The shriek of torture and the purple stain—  
 The wretched ensigns of her guilty reign!—

Thus Christian martyrs for religion dare  
 Th' excessive vengeance of her impious war;—  
 Till the fell Fiend, her hour of triumph o'er,  
 Pours on the tortur'd world her wrath no more;  
 But flies the contest which herself had sought  
 By partial victory into frenzy wrought,  
 Till snatch'd from ev'ry hope of life and light,  
 And whirl'd for ever thro' th' abyss of night,  
 She writhes thro' whole eternities of pain,  
 Th' abhorred object of her own disdain!  
 Her heart an unextinguish'd fire—her name  
 Making an immortality of shame,  
 Shall be accurs'd thro' ages yet unborn,  
 The very by-word of opprobrious scorn!  
 While trembling worlds a Saviour's worth proclaim,  
 And wide hosannahs swell his awful name,  
 Delighted nations urge the solemn strain,  
 And angels hymn it back to earth again!  
 Redemption pours its chast'ning balm on man,  
 And Grace and Mercy crown the wond'rous plan.  
 Lo! Earth's remotest bounds confess their God,  
 And pure Religion points the blissful road;  
 From *Her* what soul-reviving hopes arise  
 Of peace below, and treasure in the skies!  
 Her sacred promise stills the throb of pain,  
 And pours a beauty o'er the sterile plain!  
 Before her soft celestial light arose  
 To sooth the poignancy of human woes—  
 How gloomy was the state of man—how lost  
 To virtue, 'mid contending passions tost!  
 Doubt and Despair his restless bosom tore,  
 And bitter Anguish poison'd ev'ry hour;  
 Till Love ineffable by Pity led,  
 Cheer'd the dull soul, and rais'd the drooping head,  
 Renew'd the heart by saving Grace refin'd,  
 And shed a heav'nly temper o'er the mind.  
 In that glad hour the clouds of sorrow set,  
 And Righteousness and Peace together met—  
 Firm Faith and meek-ey'd Charity repress'd  
 Each harsher feeling of the lab'ring breast,  
 While Hope, the sweet companion of their way,  
 Display'd the triumphs of a brighter day;  
 Where'er she trod, celestial beauty spread,  
 And a soft halo circled round her head!

'Twas thus when Persecution's foul array  
 In frantic rage obscur'd the glorious day,  
 Obscur'd but for awhile—in vain she strove  
 Against the promise of Eternal Love!

To thee, O Prince, the champion of thy God,  
 The firm protector of the wise and good,



To thee, the all-ennobling charge was giv'n  
 "To vindicate on earth the ways of heav'n!"  
 To break the sanguinary monster's reign,  
 And give th' astonish'd world to peace again:  
 For this thou wert reserv'd, and this shall be  
 Thy glorious pledge of immortality—  
 Thy name rever'd in ev'ry age and clime  
 Shall glide triumphant down the stream of time.

## ALBUM.

## THE BARD'S PROPHECY.

By Mrs. Hemans.

A SOUND of music o'er the deep green hills,  
 Came suddenly, and died; a fitful sound  
 Of mirth, soon lost in wail. Again it rose  
 And sank in mournfulness. There sat a bard,  
 By a blue stream of Erin, where it swept  
 Flashing through rock and wood: the sun-  
 set's light

Was on his wavy silver-gleaming hair,  
 And the winds whisper in the mountain-ash  
 Whose clusters droop'd above. His head  
 was bow'd,

His hand was on his harp, yet thence its  
 touch

Had drawn but broken strains; and many  
 stood

Waiting around, in silent earnestness,  
 Th' unchaining of his soul, the gush of song:  
 Many and graceful forms: yet one alone  
 Seem'd present to his dream, and she indeed,  
 With her pale virgin brow, and changeful  
 cheek,

And the clear star-light of her serious eyes,  
 Lovely amidst the flowing of dark locks,  
 And pallid braiding flowers, was beautiful  
 Ev'n painfully!—a creature to behold  
 With trembling midst our joy, lest aught  
 unseen

Should waft the vision from us, leaving earth  
 Too dim, without its brightness! Did such  
 fear

O'ershadow in that hour, the gifted one,  
 By his own rushing stream? Once more he  
 gaz'd

Upon the radiant girl, and yet once more  
 From the deep chords his wandering hand  
 brought out

A few short festive notes, an opening strain  
 Of bridal melody, soon dash'd with grief,  
 As if some wailing spirit in the strings  
 Met and o'ermaster'd him: but yielding  
 then

To the strong prophet impulse, mournfully,  
 Like moaning waters, o'er the harp he  
 pour'd

The trouble of his haunted soul and sang.

Voice of the grave;

I hear thy shrilling call:

It comes in the dash of the foamy wave,  
 In the sear leaf's trembling fall!

In the shiver of the tree  
 I hear thee, O thou voice!  
 And I would thy warning were but for me,  
 That my spirit might rejoice.

But thou art sent  
 For the sad earth's young and fair,  
 For the graceful heads that have not bent  
 To the wintry hand of care!  
 They hear the winds low sigh,  
 And the river sweeping free,  
 And the green reeds murmuring heavily,  
 And the woods—but they hear not thee!

Long have I striven  
 With my deep foreboding soul,  
 But the full tide now its bounds hath riven,  
 And darkly on must roll!  
 —There's a young brow smiling near,  
 With a bridal white-rose wreath,—  
 —Unto me it smiles from a flowery bier  
 Touch'd solemnly by death!

Fair art thou, Morna!  
 The sadness of thine eye  
 Is beautiful as silvery clouds  
 On the dark blue summer's sky!  
 And thy voice comes like the sound  
 Of a sweet and hidden rill,  
 That makes the dim woods tuneful round,  
 —But soon it must be still!

Silence and dust  
 On thy sunny lips must lie!  
 Make not the strength of love thy trust,  
 A stronger yet is nigh!  
 No strain of festal flow  
 That my hand for thee hath tried;  
 But into dirge-notes, wild and low,  
 Its ringing tones have died!

Young art thou, Morna!  
 Yet on thy gentle head,  
 Like heavy dew on the lily's leaves,  
 A spirit hath been shed!  
 And the glance is thine which sees  
 Through Nature's awful heart—  
 But bright things go with the summer's  
 breeze,

And thou, too, must depart!  
 Yet shall I weep?  
 I know that in thy breast  
 There swells a fount of song too deep,  
 Too powerful for thy rest!

And the bitterness I know,  
And the chill of this world's breath—  
—Go, all undimm'd in thy glory, go!  
Young and crowned bride of death!

Take hence to Heaven  
Thy holy thoughts and bright  
And soaring hopes, that were not given  
For the touch of mortal blight!  
Might we follow in thy track,  
This parting should not be!  
—But the spring shall give us violets back,  
And every flower but thee!

—There was a burst of tears around the  
bard:

All wept but one, and she serenely stood,  
With her clear brow and dark religious eye,  
Rais'd to the first faint star above the hills,  
And cloudless; though it might be that her  
cheek

Was paler than before,—so Morna heard  
The Minstrel's prophecy.—

And Spring return'd  
Bringing the earth her lovely things again,  
All, save the loveliest far!—a voice, a smile,  
A young sweet spirit gone!

A witty fellow, a carpenter, being sub-  
orned as a witness on a trial for an assault,  
one of the counsel, who was very much  
given to brow-beat the evidence, asked him  
what distance he was from the parties when  
he saw the defendant strike the plaintiff?  
The carpenter answered, "Just four feet  
five inches and a half." "Prithee, fellow,"  
demanded the counsel, "how is it possible  
you can be so very exact as to the distance?"  
"Why to tell you the truth," replied the  
carpenter, "I thought, perhaps, that some  
fool or other might ask me, so I measured  
it."

#### THE PUNSTERS.

At a tavern one night,  
Messrs. *Strange*, *Moore*, and *Wright*,  
Met to drink and good thoughts to ex-  
change:

Says *Moore*—"Of us *three*,  
The whole town will agree,  
There's only *one* knave, and that's *Strange*!"

Says *Strange* (rather sore),  
"I'm sure there's *one* *Moore*,  
A most terrible knave and a bite;  
Who cheated his mother,  
His father and brother:"—

"Yes," replies *Moore*, "that is *Wright*!"

#### JEWEL, BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

This prelate was so remarkable for his  
power of memory, that he could readily  
repeat any thing that he had penned, after  
once reading it. It was his practice never  
to begin committing his sermons to heart  
May, 1831.

till the church bells began to ring; and so  
firmly did he retain what he learned, that  
he used to say, that before a thousand  
auditors, shouting or fighting all the while,  
he could deliver whatever he had provided.

#### THE FORSAKEN TO THE FALSE ONE.

By T. Haynes Bayly, Esq.

I dare thee to forget me! Go, wander where  
thou wilt,

Thy hand upon the vessel's helm, or on the  
sabre's hilt;

Away! thou'rt free! o'er land and sea go  
rush to danger's brink!

But oh, thou canst not fly from thought!  
thy curse shall be to think!

Remember me! remember all—my long  
enduring love

That link'd itself to perfidy; the vulture  
and the dove!

Remember in thy utmost need, I never once  
did shrink,

But clung to thee confidingly; thy curse  
shall be—to think!

Then go! that thought will render thee a  
dastard in the fight,

That thought, when thou art tempest-tost,  
will fill thee with affright;

In some vile dungeon may'st thou lie, and,  
counting each cold link

That binds thee to captivity, thy curse shall  
be—to think!

Go! seek the merry banquet hall, where  
younger maidens bloom,

The thought of me shall make thee there  
endure a deeper gloom;

That thought shall turn the festive cup to  
poison while you drink,

And while false smiles are on thy cheek,  
thy curse will be—to think!

Forget me! false one, hope it not! when  
minstrels touch the string,

The memory of other days will gall thee  
while they sing;

The air I us'd to love will make thy coward  
conscience shrink—

Aye, ev'ry note will have its sting—thy  
curse will be—to think!

Forget me! No, that shall not be! I'll  
haunt thee in thy sleep,

In dreams thou'lt cling to slimy rocks that  
overhang the deep;

Thou'lt shriek for aid! My feeble arm shall  
hurl thee from the brink,

And when thou wak'st in wild dismay, thy  
curse will be—to think!

#### A SINGULAR DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.

On the 10th of March, 1628, the day to  
which both houses were adjourned, the  
king (Charles I.) came to the House of

Lords, and, without sending for the Commons, spake as followeth :—"My Lords : I never came here upon so unpleasant an occasion, it being a dissolution of parliament ; therefore men may have some cause to wonder why I should rather not do this by commission, it being rather a general maxim with kings to leave harsh commands

to their ministers, themselves only executing pleasing things." And then, after some further words, the King directed the Lord Keeper to dissolve parliament. The entry on the Lords' Journal is—"Ipse Dominus Rex, hoc presens Parliamentum dissolvit."

## Notices of Books.

"STILL PLEASED TO PRAISE, YET NOT AFRAID TO BLAME."

THE CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA. *Natural Philosophy, Hydrostatics, and Pneumatics.* By Dr. Lardner. Longman and Co. London. 1831.

THE time is not remote when works purely philosophical and scientific were, from their price, beyond the reach of a very numerous class of readers ; and even when obtained, were not unfrequently written in a style repulsive, save to the curious investigator. A profusion of technical terms and mathematical symbols overawed the student, and clouded and checked, if they did not absolutely paralyze, that healthy spirit of inquiry which is the very vitality of such researches. A judicious change has, however, taken place, and instead of an elaborate display of knowledge, barricaded, as it were, by an extravagant charge, and extended through several volumes, we have a valuable compendium of modern science—for such is "Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia"—which is written for the most part "in simple and perspicuous language, and illustrated by facts and experiments which are level to the capacity of ordinary minds." In the work before us, the learned author has applied the leading principles of hydrostatics and pneumatics to the ordinary purposes of human economy ; and that there is a vast deal of information to be derived from its perusal, is as certain as that it contains a great variety of facts and experiments which are full of amusement and interest. In discussing the properties of atmospheric air, and in showing how erroneous it is to regard it as invisible, he says, "If we look into the sea where the water has considerable depth, we find that its colour is a peculiar shade of green ; but if we take up a glass of the water which thus appears green, we shall find it perfectly limpid and colourless. The reason is, that the quantity contained in the glass reflects to the eye too small a quantity of the colour to be perceivable ; while the great mass of water, viewed when we look into the deep sea, throws up the colour in such abundance as to produce a strong and decided perception of it. The atmosphere is in the same circumstances :—The colour, from even a

considerable portion of it, is too faint to be perceptible. Hence the air which fills an apartment, or which immediately surrounds us when abroad, appears colourless and perfectly transparent. But when we behold the immense mass of atmosphere through which we view the firmament, the colour is reflected with sufficient force to produce distinct perception. But it is not necessary for this that so great an extent of air should be exhibited to us as that which forms the whole depth or thickness of the atmosphere. Distant mountains appear blue, not because that is their colour, but because it is the colour of the medium through which they are seen." P. 227. And in treating on the weight of air, the following observations on the barometer are introduced :—"The most immediate use of the barometer for scientific purposes, is to indicate the amount of the atmospheric pressure. These variations being compared with other meteorological phenomena, form the scientific data from which various atmospheric appearances and effects are to be deduced.

"The fluctuations in the pressure of the atmosphere being observed in connection with changes in the state of the weather, a general correspondence is supposed to prevail between these effects. Hence the barometer has been called a *weather glass*. Rules are attempted to be established, by which, from the height of the mercury, the coming state of the weather may be predicted, and we accordingly find the words 'Rain,' 'Fair,' 'Changeable,' 'Frost,' &c. engraved on the scale attached to common domestic barometers, as if, when the mercury stands at the height marked by these words, the weather is always subject to the vicissitudes expressed by them. These marks are, however, entitled to no attention ; and it is only surprising to find their use continued in the present times, when knowledge is so widely diffused. They are, in fact, to be ranked scarcely above the *not stellarum*, or astrological almanack.

"It has been already explained, that in the same state of the atmosphere the height of the mercury in the barometer will be different according to the elevation of the

place in which the barometer is situated. Thus two barometers, one near the level of the river Thames, and the other on the heights of Hampstead, will differ by half an inch; the latter being always half an inch lower than the former. If the words, therefore, engraved upon the plates are to be relied on, similar changes of weather could never happen at these two situations. But what is even more absurd, such a scale would inform us that the weather at the foot of a high building, such as St. Paul's, must always be different from the weather at the top of it.

"The variation in the altitude of the barometer in a given place, together with the corresponding vicissitudes of the weather, have been regularly recorded for very long periods. It is by the exact comparison of such results that any general rule can be found. The rules best established by such observations, are far from being either general or certain. It is observed that the changes of weather are indicated, not by the actual height of the mercury, but by its change of height. One of the most general, though not absolutely invariable, rules is, that when the mercury is very low, and therefore the atmosphere very light, high winds and storms may be expected.

"The following rules may generally be relied upon, at least to a certain extent:—

"1. Generally the rising of the mercury indicates the approach of fair weather; the falling of it shows the approach of foul weather.

"2. In sultry weather, the fall of the mercury indicates coming thunder. In winter, the rise of the mercury indicates frost. In frost, its fall indicates thaw; and its rise indicates snow.

"3. Whatever change of weather suddenly follows a change in the barometer, may be expected to last but a short time.—Thus, if fair weather follow immediately the rise of the mercury, there will be very little of it; and, in the same way, if foul weather follow the fall of the mercury, it will last but a short time.

"4. If fair weather continue for several days, during which the mercury continually falls, a long succession of foul weather will probably ensue; and again, if foul weather continue for several days, while the mercury continually rises, a long succession of fair weather will probably succeed.

"5. A fluctuating and unsettled state in the mercurial column indicates changeable weather.

"The domestic barometer would become a much more useful instrument, if, instead

of the words usually engraved on the plate, a short list of the best established rules, such as the above, accompanied it, which might be either engraved on the plate, or printed on a card. It would be right, however, to express the rules only with that degree of probability which observation of past phenomena has justified. There is no rule respecting these effects which will hold good with perfect certainty in every case." P. 262—264.

In a work of this description, no mere quotations can sufficiently show the various applications of science to the purposes of life; and to those who are fond of such inquiries, we cannot do better than recommend the perusal of the whole volume to them.

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EPITOME OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. *Philosophical Series. Paley's Moral Philosophy.*  
By A. J. Valpy, M.A. London, 1831.

It will require no argument to prove that the literary world is deeply indebted to Mr. Valpy, who, determining to extend his course of sterling usefulness, has commenced, in a concentrated form, a series of Standard English Authors, of whose works, observes the learned editor, the present generation know little, and the rising youth must know less. His object is simply to condense, and he emphatically states, "that in *History*, no facts, and in *Philosophy*, no reasoning, will be omitted or distorted." Our confidence in the ability, judgment, and discrimination of Mr. Valpy is so great, that we are satisfied he will do ample justice to those pre-eminent writers whose volumes will necessarily come within his plan.

He has prefixed to the number before us, a biographical sketch of Dr. Paley, which is valuable alike in manner and matter, since it throws around the memory of that excellent man a halo emanating from the amiability of those virtues, which induced his biographer, Meadley, to characterize him as "a good husband, an affectionate father, an indulgent master, and a faithful friend."

It would be altogether superfluous to attempt a review of Paley's works now. Our intention, in noticing the volume, and in intimating the object of the editor, is to recommend it to the perusal of those who are desirous of becoming acquainted with the productions of the best English prose writers, at a comparatively little cost either of time or price. Such a work has been long wanted, and no one better qualified for the task than Mr. Valpy could have undertaken it.



The following authors will be first selected:—

<i>Historical.</i>	<i>Philosophical.</i>	<i>Miscellaneous.</i>
Burnet,	Bacon,	Addison,
Clarendon,	Locke,	Goldsmith,
Gibbon,	Paley.	Johnson,
Hume,		Milton,
Rollin,		Swift.
Robertson.		

TALES FROM THE GERMAN OF TIECK.

Moxon. London, 1831.

This translation is supposed to be from the pen of Mr. Hare, of Cambridge, and is highly deserving of one praise, at least, and that of no ordinary nature. It breathes forth the tone and spirit of the original with great force. The translator very justly disdains that prettiness of expression which so often refines upon the author's sentiments, until it leaves them cold and passionless. Instead of pausing to array the subject in the tinsel ornaments of a weak and glittering fancy, he plunges at once boldly into the meaning, and gives it with a fidelity and power which could have alone maintained the vigorous effect of the original. Considering the gratification which we confess to have derived from the perusal of this volume, we may appear somewhat ungrateful in passing a censure on the daring orthographical and etymological peculiarities which so much abound in it; but this is a species of innovation, or—affectation should we call it?—which is certainly calculated to produce nothing beneficial, but is, on the contrary, we imagine, likely to be productive of much evil.

OMNIPOTENCE, a Poem. By Richard Jarman. Chapple. London, 1831.

When an author announces, as Mr. Jarman does, that "the greater part of his Poem was written at the age of nineteen, and the whole of it under circumstances as little conducive to its success as may well be imagined;" and goes on to trust "that he has stated enough to disarm criticism of its severity;" the reviewer feels disposed to say but little on the defects of a work so introduced to the public. There is no reason, however, why he may not consider the nature of the subject, particularly when, as in the present instance, it is one of those to which justice can seldom, if ever, be done. And thus will he at once account for imperfections which are candidly admitted by the writer.

There are some themes which are too vast or the limits of language; which are, in fact, so immeasurably beyond the mortal "ken," that neither palpable greatness, nor

the widest representation of fancied power, can give to them any perfect display. The attributes of the Almighty fall under this class, and Omnipotence, we imagine, may be placed first. Mr. Jarman, then, in the very choice of his subject has involved himself in a difficulty which would have exerted to the utmost all the energies of a master-mind. No wonder, then, that at so youthful an age he should have failed in that which none could accomplish! The great Milton has succeeded far better in the awful description of satanic majesty than in representing the power of Jehovah. And perhaps for this reason, the Almighty is the source and centre of many attributes, each so marvellous that it is impossible for any human mind, however lofty, even to entertain, much less to express, an adequate conception of any one of them. On the other hand, there were thoughts and feelings, derived from man's own experience, in which the great bard could clothe "th' archangel ruin'd," and so picture to our view something like a just estimate of his malice, his vengeance, and his pride.

It is but justice to Mr. Jarman to state that there are many very pretty passages in the volume before us, and we doubt not but that with a subject more within the compass of his power, he would succeed far better than half the scribblers of the day. His present poem possesses a recommendation which is not without its merit—it has a tendency to do good, inasmuch as that it is calculated to raise our contemplations to the highest and purest source of all communing, the great Creator of the universe—the beneficent Author of our being.

THE SIEGE OF CONSTANTINOPLE, in three Cantos, with other Poems. By Nicholas Michell. London. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1831.

It were well if writers generally would submit their productions to the unbiassed opinion of some impartial friend ere they adventured them on the wide field of criticism. The Poems before us are striking proofs of the utility of the system we recommend. They are dedicated to Mr. Campbell, and by permission too; and it is natural therefore to infer that the MS. was perused by one of the first poets of the age, previous to its going to press. Would it not, we ask, have been an act of kindness in Mr. C. had he pointed out to the writer the many inaccuracies visible in his composition, and to have told him, that however touching and beautiful might be the minor pieces in the projected volume,

that the chief poem was in no way fitted, as poetry, to stand the test of criticism. We will not ill-naturedly analyze this tale for the purpose of selecting the *worst* passages of the book. We carelessly open the volume, and alight upon the following lines:—

"He pointed where 'neath night's propitious star,  
His wind-winged billow Marmora roll'd afar;  
There lies the lab'rinth, wait his bark and band,  
A word, they quit this death-devoted strand,  
Blooms many a bower on Asia's tranquil shore,  
Where they will love, nor dream of sorrow more!"

Again, at page 14:—

"Oh! when her dying torch Hope rears in vain,  
And those who part can never meet again,  
Then more than anguish, more than madness, dwell  
In that sad—hard—drear—fatal word—farewell!"

When our readers have recovered from the tremendous jerking which they must have suffered from the perusal of the last line, we beg their attention to some stanzas of a totally different character, forming one of the tail-pieces of the volume, and although by no means the most beautiful of these, yet sufficient of itself to make us hope that Mr. Michell will write again:—

#### VILLAGE BELLS.

"The lute may melt to love—to war  
The trumpet rouse the soul—  
The organ waft the spirit far  
Above earth's dull controul;  
But oh! what sound hath magic spells,  
To charm and soothe, like village bells?"

They wake remembrance in the heart  
Of all that once was dear;  
They prompt the sigh, bid tear-drops start,  
And yet we love to hear;  
They open all the close-shut cells,  
Where Contemplation darkly dwells.

Their sounds, which charmed youth's happy day,

For me, I ne'er forget,  
And oft I dream, though far away,  
I hear their music yet;  
And home returns, and streams, and dells,  
With those remember'd village bells!"

THE CAT'S TAIL; being the History of *Childe Merlin*. Cadell.

Certainly one of the most interesting and affecting tales ever submitted to our inspection. It describes the adventures of one

Mr. Merlin, a respectable member of the feline race, who appears, for getting into scrapes of all kinds and descriptions, the most unhappy of caterwaulers. His biographer, with an impartiality which does him credit, records both his failings and his virtues, neither overrating the one, nor drawing the veil of concealment on the other. After describing, with admirable wit and humour, sundry luckless adventures of this roving wight, in which, perhaps, sufficient allowance is not made for the weakness and inexperience of kittency, the writer proceeds to relate an accident which befel our hero shortly after the bestowal of his paw in marriage on a lady by many years his senior, by which misadventure (the accident, *not* the marriage,) he was deprived both of ears and tail. In vain did he endeavour to find substitutes for these elegant appendages. Carpus, Abernethy, and others, were applied to in vain; although we should have imagined that by a simple application to a *re-tail* dealer he would have immediately obtained his *end*. The disappointment appears to have soured his temper.

"Whereupon Merlin said to his wife, in a huff,

'It's all owing to you, ma'am, I've met this rebuff!

What, the deuce! an't I well enough still, madam wife,

To pair with *your* beauties, at your time of life?"

Then he muttered less loudly, but still very grump,

'Mind your own gray tail, I'm content with my stump!"

This sarcasm (for it was a direct slur upon the lady's beauty,) broke her heart, and in a short time (we blush to say *how* short,) Mr. Merlin was again united to a frolicsome cousin, Miss Grizzly.

"But scarce was the honeymoon over and gone,

When madam began to make game of her hubby—

Called him 'Crop Ears,' and 'Dock Tail,' and 'Bald Pate,' and 'Stubby.'

And, when he was angered beyond all endurance,

Whisked her tail in his face, with a scornful assurance."

The effect of this behaviour is thus detailed:—

"Whole days to some gloomy seclusion he'd fly,

On a rafter perched up in the cock-loft so high;

And there, in a sort of brown study or dose,  
Would he sit, with the tears trickling off from his nose

To his whiskers, till each to the tip so beset,  
From his muzzle, stuck out like a diamond  
aigrette :

And, what made it more touching, he'd  
sometimes turn round

As to wipe his poor eyes (in abstraction  
profound)

With that natural kerchief his person once  
bore

In the shape of a tail, that now graced it  
no more !

That moment ! that action ! O, Raphael !  
O, Titian !

For a spark of your genius ! Alack ! I  
may wish on

Long enough for the life ; but I'll try as I may,  
The affectingly beautiful sight to portray.

Those tears rolling down—and to wipe 'em  
away

With what once was a tail—now reduced  
(lackaday !)

To that stump sticking out like the stalk of  
a melon !

O, my dears ! its a subject too painful to  
dwell on—

Drop a tear of your own—if you please,  
one or two—

And be thankful such woes are not meted  
to you ;

For, having no tails, my young friends, you  
can never

Know the anguish of losing that feature for  
ever."

Now this is really melancholy : in fact,  
when we first perused this beautiful delineation of a mourner, Niobe was a Momus to us. For the sequel, showing what a variety of other changes and mischances were met with by this unfortunate hero, and the dolorous termination of the catastrophes, we refer our readers to the work itself, which, when we tell them that we have extracted the least amusing portions, that the cuts are executed in Cruikshank's best style, and that the price is only two shillings, they will hardly hesitate to purchase for all those little masters and misses who sit smiling around them.

A CRITICAL EXPOSURE OF THE IGNORANCE  
AND MAL-PRACTICE OF CERTAIN MEDICAL  
PRACTITIONERS, &c. &c. By John St.  
John Long, Esq. M.A.S.L., M.R.A.S.  
Chapple, the King's appointed Book-  
seller, Pall Mall. 1831.

In our last number, we expressed our sentiments with regard to the prosecutions, or rather persecutions, to which this gentleman has been subjected. In the present volume, Mr. Long changes places, as it were, with his opponents, and arraigns them before the Bar of Public Opinion, on what he considers to be the abuses of the medical pro-

fession. We, of course, cannot be expected to enter widely into the merits of such a discussion, and are only sorry when any of them forget their own dignity. It will, we think, be more in justice to Mr. Long, to give an extensive circulation (for who is there that does not now read the Museum?) to the following passage :—

"A remarkable illustration of this unity of malice among medical men is to be found in the proceedings lately adopted against myself, and persevered in with unrelenting malice ; and for no offence, on my part, that I am conscious of, except the circumstance of my being the author of a simple and efficacious mode of treatment, in cases of consumption and other maladies—a discovery which has attracted so much attention, and been crowned with so much success. What that system is which these learned and honourable practitioners are so much incensed at, will be best explained in the sequel, and also in a letter I recently addressed to Sir Astley Cooper, on the case of Miss Cashin, and which will be found in the Appendix.

"By means of this system and these remedies, and what these are neither the faculty nor the public have any right to enquire, it is admitted that I have performed many extraordinary cures, not upon individuals of that class in society who are easiest imposed upon ; not upon the simple, the ignorant, or the credulous portion of mankind ; but upon persons of high rank, of great talents, of sound and superior judgments ; who neither would lend themselves to a fraud, nor vouch for that which they did not know to be true. It is established by the evidence of numerous witnesses, of unimpeachable integrity, that I have effected complete cures on patients who have actually been abandoned by physicians of great eminence, from whose breasts even hope had fled, and who in some instances had been told to prepare for death. The numbers of those thus relieved by me, and whom the faculty had failed to relieve, are almost incredible. But unfortunately for me, I was not a member of the legalized profession—I had not purchased a diploma from the colleges of London, Aberdeen, St. Andrews, Edinburgh, or Glasgow, where such things were sold, and in some of them without the candidate being present, or the learned licensers having any ocular proof of the particular genus of the animal to which he might chance to belong. I had not availed myself of any distinguished and highly honourable privilege of this kind. I had, however, studied for myself ; pored over the dull pages of science by the light of my own lamp ; and

perfected my experience to my own conviction in the solitude of private life. I had not courted the patronage of the oracles of any established system, for in none of them could I find any rational theory of disease. The more I enquired, the more errors did I find in modern physic, and the more difficulties had I to encounter—the more inconsistencies—the more unsatisfactory results. I consequently founded a theory of my own, and afterwards applied it successfully in practice."

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THE BRIDAL NIGHT, and other Poems. By Dugald Moore. Blackie and Co. Edinburgh; Curry and Co. Dublin; Simpkin and Marshall, London. 1831.

Mr. Dugald Moore is already well known in the literary world as the accomplished writer of "The African," "Scenes from the Flood," and other Poems, which were in themselves sufficient to justify extensive popularity; and the present volume is equally distinguished by elegant language, rigorous description, and sentiments beautiful and well expressed. Though there is little novelty in the principal Poem, it has the rare merit of being so contrived as to enthrall the attention and deeply to interest the feelings. The following extract, delineating a vessel in a storm at sea, we offer as a specimen of Mr. Moore's descriptive powers:—

"Now they embrace each other—and the heart  
A moment shudders, at the thought to part  
From what it long had loved—had known—  
    had felt,  
And proved in many a deed that will not melt  
With all the other scenes of days gone by,  
But to the latest haunt life's closing eye.  
They pause—around them rolls the black  
    abyss;  
The galley reels—they cling, they fondly  
    kiss—  
Tis o'er—each proud lip quivers not—they  
    stand  
Link'd like a band of spectres hand in hand;  
The white spray dashing on their brows—  
    their hair  
Streaming abroad upon the squally air;  
Each swarthy eye, that day-star of the face,  
Seems fix'd to marble in its hollow case;

The thunder tears on high its fiery road—  
A moment's hurried prayer ascends to God,  
Short and convulsive, hope's expiring groan,  
Where all the spirit echoes in the tone;  
Again they're swathed in ocean's dark  
    eclipse—

That thrilling prayer has left their ashy  
    lips—

Has peal'd—has died along the midnight air:  
The sea rolls on—no ship is drifting there!  
One lonely eddy whirling in the blast,  
One broken splinter of a floating mast,  
Some shatter'd shreds of rigging and a sail,  
With here and there a turban on the gale,  
And for a moment, ere drawn down for ever,  
A few convulsive hands—a gasp—a quiver—  
A livid face—a wild, a starting eye,  
Bent in its last despair upon the sky—  
A heave—a shriek—a whirl amid the sea—  
A frenzied clench—a groan of agony—  
That hollow groan bespeaks their latest  
    woes:

'Tis silent: and the waters o'er them close;  
The mountain waves again are rolling on,  
But death walks o'er their glassy crests  
    alone!"

It must be evident from this extract that the writer requires not the aid of others to afford gratification to his readers; it is therefore more to be recommended that he should avoid plagiarism, a few instances of which we might point out in the volume before us. The minor pieces are extremely beautiful; we select the following

SONG.

"Though this wild brain is aching,  
Spill not thy tears with mine;  
Come to my heart,—though breaking,  
    Its firmest half is thine.  
Thou wert not made for sorrow,  
Then do not weep with me;  
There is a lovely morrow,  
    That yet will dawn on thee.  
When I am all forgotten,  
When in the grave I lie;  
When the heart that loved thee's broken,  
And closed the sparkling eye;  
Love's sunshine still will cheer thee,  
    Unsullied, pure, and deep,  
For the God, who's ever near thee,  
    Will never see thee weep."  
These Poems have our hearty commendation.

### Music.

HOME, THE LADEN BEES REPAIR. Poetry by Professor Millman. Music by George Ware. Z. T. Purday.

A spirited Duett, which will prove attractive, being easy, and in either part within moderate compass.

MY PRETTY KATE. Written by Thos. Haynes Bayly. Composed by A. Betts. Betts, Cornhill.

An extremely pretty and tasteful ballad. The symphonies are striking, and the accompaniments excellent.



**LISTEN, SWEET LADY-LOVE, LISTEN.** *Serenade written and composed by John Bird, Esq. J. Green, Soho Square.*

This is a plaintive and elegant production, and since both are in excellent keeping, affording an additional proof of the advantage of the poetry and music emanating from the same individual. We would, however, have omitted the shake on the A natural in the second verse; it interferes with the character of the air.

**ROSE OF THE FOREST.** *Sung by Miss Inverarity. Composed by Louis Spohr. Z. T. Purday.*

This is the celebrated romance now rendered so popular from Miss Inverarity's singing in Azor and Zemira; and, in our judgment, in every way superior to the Covent Garden arrangement. The words, at all events, are far more attractive; they emanate from the pen of the late Harry Stoe Vandyke, a gentleman whose premature death has caused deep regret to the admirers of plaintive lyric composition. The manifold specimens of his writings that have been associated with pleasing music, are well known. We cannot do better than record the present subject.

Rose of the Forest! screen'd by brake and tree,

Harmless the tempest passes over thee;  
There none can harm thee—none disturb  
the gloom,

Where Nature rear'd thee, thou art left to bloom.

Rose of the Forest! such the peasant's life,

Remov'd from danger, far from angry strife.

Rose of the Bower! seen by all the gay,  
When blooming fairest, proudly borne away,  
Priz'd while thy beauties grace the halls of  
pride,

But when thou fadest, quickly thrown aside.  
Rose of the Bower! such the courtier's lot,  
When fortune leaves him, he is soon forgot!

**I'LL PRESS THEE TO MY HEART.** *Written by Thos. Haynes Bayly, Esq. Composed by E. J. Westrop. Z. T. Purday.*

The words are pretty, the music charming, and the arrangement clever, altogether forming one of the most delightful ballads we have met with for a long time. The latter part of the tune reminds us of one of the prettiest passages in the Overture to Semiramide. In addition to the other comments in its favour, which we have enumerated, this ballad has the quality of being easy, and within the compass of all singers.

**THE PIRATE'S BRIDE WILL ZARA BE.** *Written and composed by Mrs. Wm. Marshall. Royal Harmonic Institution.*

**MY LOVELY BRUNETTE TO YOUR SPANISH GUITAR.** *Same composer.*

**O'ER THE DARK WATERS.** *Same composer. George and Manby.*

The first of these is a very beautiful and expressive ballad in B flat, associated with pleasing words, and within the compass of every voice. The second is less original and more difficult, and the last somewhat common-place; but nevertheless, they are creditable productions, and equal in merit to the greater portion of the ballads of the day. We could have wished that Mrs. Marshall had committed the arrangement of them to some able composer; a little more judgment in setting the music to the words, and accompaniments of greater spirit, would have added much to their attraction.

**THE HARMONICON, a Journal of Music for April, 1831.** London. Longman and Co.

Much as we have said in praise of the former numbers of this entertaining work, in commenting on the present one we find no reason to reverse our judgment. It displays the same judicious variety of papers on matters connected with the science, and an equal exhibition of judgment in all its criticisms. Amongst the original papers are found an extremely interesting Memoir of Sir John Hawkins treated in a pleasing style; a History of the Conservatorios of Italy; the continuation of the Memoirs of the Metropolitan Concerts and Concerts of Ancient Music; which are followed up with impartiality and spirit; and some remarks on the English prima donna, Mrs. Wood, which, whilst they are in the highest degree complimentary to this accomplished songstress, are nevertheless distinguished by justice and moderation. The writer, in the pursuit of his subject, displays much good sense, and draws several happy inferences. Some of his remarks, indeed, we consider so very judicious, that we are tempted to extract them. With regard to the difficulty to be experienced by our country men and women in the acquisition of a correct Italian pronunciation, as connected with music, he says,

"But I shall be told that few of our native artists can speak the Italian language, or sing Italian music, and more especially recitative. My answer is, let them once know that the mere circumstance of their being English born does not shut the stage-door of the King's Theatre against them, all will look up to its boards as the goal of their ambition, and the study of Italian and reci-

tative will form an important part of every singer's education. Another common objection is, that we cannot acquire the purity of pronunciation required by the refined audience of the King's Theatre. I trust it is no heresy to say that I am somewhat sceptical as to the powers of euphonical criticism which that audience possesses. If one in ten, even of the box company, can really distinguish the true '*bocca romana*' from the patois of the Venetian gondolieri or the Neapolitan lazzaroni, it is, I am persuaded, as much as the truth will justify. In fact it is not the audience that is so critical: it is the associated band of foreign parasites who attach themselves to our aristocracy with the tenacity of leeches, as purveyors *des menus plaisirs*, and whose interests are vitally concerned in excluding English talent, and negotiating the concerns of foreign artists, that raise the cry of 'pronunciation.' It is these gentry who, in phrase that a Tuscan would spurn at, and in a brogue from which a Roman ear would be averted with disgust, assure our fashionable Opera goers that we poor Englishers cannot learn to pronounce Italian.\*

"But, after all, do we, by employing only foreigners—for we are not particular, so they be foreigners, as to whether they were born and bred beyond, or on this side the Alps,—do we, by employing only foreigners, secure this essential purity of Italian pronunciation? Will these super-delicate critics favour a plain man, by informing me which of the great singers I have heard for the last thirty years I should select as my canon of true Italian pronunciation—Catalani and Camporese, or Garcia the Spaniard and Begrez the Fleming? There is not more difference between the English, whether we look to phraseology or pronunciation, of a Londoner, a Gloucestershire man, or a Northumbrian, than there is between the Italian of a Tuscan, a Venetian and a Neapolitan. Have the stage lamps of Drury Lane or Covent Garden the virtue of curing the Northumbrian's burr, or correcting the Gloucestershire-man's invincible abhorrence of *h*'s and *w*'s? If not, can we expect that even the theatres of Rome and Florence will neutralize at once the provincial accent of a Neapolitan or Venetian? Was it in Morelli, the stable-boy, or Banti, the street ballad-singer, that the beau ideal of pure Italian pronunciation was to be recognized?

"But, to be serious. I will venture to affirm that, on this side the Alps, there is no country in Europe whose natives have so little to learn, or to unlearn, in acquiring a good Italian pronunciation, as the English. We have neither the gutturals of the German and the Spaniard, nor the mute vowels and nasal *n*'s of the French to get rid of: there is scarcely a sound in the Italian language which we are not in the daily habit of uttering, and nearly our whole task would be confined to the learning that certain conventional alphabetical symbols, which represent one sound in English, represent another in Italian. Away, then, with the jargonal pretence that English singers cannot acquire a good and pure Italian pronunciation; make it worth their while, open the stage-doors of the King's Theatre to the native artist, and you will soon find talent more than enough."

The reviews of new music, notices of occurrences in the foreign and domestic world, are next given, and the remainder of the letter-press includes, with the usual ability, the ordinary topics of the work.

The music consists of the overture to *Die Wiener in Berlin*, a German burletta, arranged with an opening movement composed expressly for the work, which is a light and pleasing affair, and has furnished the adapters of quadrilles, this winter, with several very agreeable melodies. The next piece is a minuet and trio composed by Chevalier Neukomm, which are rich and effective, but somewhat difficult. This is followed by a march in the opera of *L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompei*, by Pacini, one of the prettiest pieces in it; and the duett "*Che ascolto! oh raggio amico!*" from the same opera, sung by Lablache and Mrs. Wood, beautifully arranged. "*He passed,*" from Mr. Haynes Bayly's *Songs for the Grave and Gay*, of which we have before made such favourable mention, is next given; and the last on the list is a pretty ballad, "*The Hour of Evening,*" from "*The Ruins of Paluzzi,*" an opera, by Andreas Romberg. We observe that the May number is to contain selections from Spohr's opera of "*Zemira and Azor,*" now performing at Covent Garden, arranged expressly for the work. The whole of this opera is so strikingly beautiful, that we look forward to its appearance with great pleasure.

\* To those who are conversant in this matter, it is well known that no people out of Italy pronounce the language of that country so well as the English.—*Editor.*

## Fine Arts.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO OXFORD, a Poem. By Robert Montgomery. By Joseph Skelton, F. S. A. and others. Whittaker and Co.

THESE subjects, twelve in number, are justly entitled to commendation, not only for the correctness with which they represent the objects whence they are taken, but for the admirable manner in which they are (and some more particularly) engraved. They are minute in detail, but mostly rich in pictorial effect. We have not space to notice them seriatim, but amongst others which we admire, The View of Christ Church Tower by Moonlight, drawn by A. G. Vickers, and engraved by Percy Heath, and The North View of St. Mary's Church, drawn by Vickers, and engraved by Romney, are gems which rank highly.

THE BLOSSOMS OF HOPE. Drawn by R. A. Clack; drawn on Stone by W. Sharp. Dickenson.

The portraits of two pretty, but not very intellectual-looking, children, drawn after the manner of Sir Thomas Lawrence. If, as regards the subjects, any fault is to be found,

it must be laid to the charge of Dame Nature, and not the artist, for (having seen the originals) we may safely pronounce, that we never met with likenesses in this style portrayed with greater fidelity. The spirit of the drawing, however, is scarcely preserved by the lithographer.

THE WATERING PLACES OF GREAT BRITAIN. Isaac T. Hinton, Warwick-square.

We have received a Prospectus of this new undertaking, which professes to comprise Views of every Sea-Bathing Place in the Kingdom, taken by Messrs. J. M. W. Turner, Stanfield, Cox, H. Bartlett, &c. and engraved on Steel, in the line manner, by Messrs. Allen, Rogers, Shury, &c. accompanied by a directory of general information regarding each, so as to blend the useful with the agreeable. The specimens before us are ably executed, and should the work be prosecuted with similar spirit, cannot fail of attaining an extended sale; it will be published in monthly numbers, containing three engravings, and 24 pages of letter-press.

## The Drama.

DRURY LANE.

A new tragedy at this theatre has been produced during the month, entitled *The Pledge, or Castilian Honour*. It is taken from the French, and rendered, by the vigour and skill of Mr. Kenny, (to whom we are indebted for this novelty,) by far the most striking and effective drama that we have witnessed on the boards for a considerable time. The plot is too intricate for us to attempt, in our limited space, anything like an analysis of it, for the incidents and situations are particularly numerous—more so indeed than in such a production we ever remember to have observed. Our readers must not infer from this that the story is confused, or in the least overloaded with situations that mar the spirit of it. On the contrary, frequent as the incidents occur, they are mostly very striking, and, far from the spectator being wearied through the intricate turnings and windings of which the play is composed, the interest is forcibly preserved throughout, and the denouement (not at all that which could have been anticipated) is tolerably effective. The feelings of the audience, on the first night of its representation, at the conclusion of the first act, were warmly exhibited in its favour, and, in each succeeding one, as the interest

increased, proportionably evinced, till at length, on its announcement for repetition, the applause was of the most loud and flattering character. There is but one fault we have to object to, and that is in the catastrophe, wherein one of the principal characters, in pursuance of a previously-extracted pledge, (the circumstance which gives rise to the title) yields up his life to preserve his honour, when in the enjoyment of the highest pitch of earthly happiness, being on the point of marriage with the well-tried idol of his affections. The arguments made use of are calculated to excite the mind to the fulfilment of any reasonable promise, but it appears too improbable that human nature, even though vested with the exciting force of Castilian spirit, could be found of such a stern and staple commodity as that exhibited in this instance. The effect of this circumstance destroys a sympathy in the breasts of the audience, which otherwise would be extended throughout. A little judicious alteration in this respect would have rendered the play completely perfect. As it is it must rank very highly; and whether the whim of circumstance, or the anxiety for novelty, occasion the substitution of other pieces to usurp its place on the boards at any early period, we are convinced, whilst



the characters in it can be sustained by the establishment in the admirable manner in which it now is performed, it will long continue a favourite with the sensible and discerning of the play-going public. The character *Hernani*, being the hero, and the longest in it, was admirably sustained by Wallack. This gentleman has ever ranked high in the melo-dramatic style of acting, but of late he seems to have soared upwards with strong and rapid flight in his profession. His performance in *Werner* added much to his character as a tragedian, and in the present play he has given a representation which we may pronounce as faultless. It was distinguished by vigour, good conception, and talent throughout. Macready's part was a shorter one, but perhaps of greater difficulty. He went through it with an exhibition of the nicest discrimination, and contrived to invest a character that bears in its constitution much that is repulsive with the sympathy of his audience. Cooper, too, did his best, and in nowise detracted from the impression in his favour excited by the performance of *Gabor*. His enunciation was correct, and his deportment appropriate; more, his part did not admit of his making. Miss Phillips, as the heroine, displayed much taste and feeling. This lady's powers have not been called into exercise very frequently of late, but we are happy to observe that time has served but to mature her talents to advantage. Her conceptions on this occasion were distinguished by sound judgment, and her delivery and deportment exhibited much of chasteness and refinement. There may be observable at times, a trifling deficiency of physical force in her delineations, but no want of mental power to urge it to its best course.

A new Farce called *Nettlewig Hall*, or *Ten to One*, has had a tolerable run here. It is a lively affair, mixed up with several ingenious manoeuvres and ludicrous incidents, and though not perfectly successful, will serve pleasantly enough to hold its reign for awhile. The exertions of the performers, Messrs. Farren, Harley, Vining, H. Wallack, Mrs. Waylett, Mrs. Orger, and Mrs. C. Jones, were very meritorious. In less able hands, the piece might have proved a failure, since the voices on the first night of its performance in favour of its re-enactment were met with a considerable share of opposition; however, the "ayes" had it, and several judicious alterations having since been made in the dialogue, it is now going off with more spirit.

A third production has been a new Drama in two acts, called *The Legion of Ho-*

*nour*, from the pen of Mr. Planché, a translation or adaptation of the French piece *Le Cenetaire*. The subject had previously been introduced by Mr. Davidge, at the Cobourg, about two years ago, where it met with considerable patronage, under the title of *One Hundred and Two, or the Veteran and his Progeny*, and we cannot regret the reappearance of it in its new shape at this theatre, for it is certainly a very agreeable affair. Four generations flourish in it, consisting of *Phillippe* (Farren), an old soldier aged 102; *Jerome* (Downton), his son, aged 70; *Pierre* (Liston), his grandson, aged 50; and *Captain Antoine*, his great-grandson (Bland). In addition to these are Harley, a gardener and corporal of dragoons; Benson Hill, a drum-major; Miss Poole, a drummer-boy; Mrs. Orger and Waylett, so that with an uncommonly strong force, the piece lacks not for due support. All these exerted themselves with the greatest effect—Farren, as the veteran, especially; it was hardly possible to conceive any thing finer than his acting. Some very pretty music is introduced by Alexander Lee, which was much approved of. A chorus of soldiers in the first act is particularly entitled to praise; and Mrs. Waylett sung several songs allotted to her with great taste.

#### COVENT-GARDEN.

The grand attraction at this house this month has been the production of an opera called *Asor and Zemira, or the Magic Rose*, the music by Spökr, and adapted by Sir George Smart to an English version, by some unknown hand. The musical character of the establishment will be much enhanced by this opera, for it is alike a proof of the judgment, skill, and efficient force to be found in it. The opera is a very fine composition, and though somewhat heavy, and in many respects evincing too much anxiety for intricate passages and the surmounting of difficulty in conception, has much that is effective to recommend it. It ranks highly, and well merits the attention of the adapter, who has effected his task with great judgment and laudable perseverance. The distinguishing character of the music is to be found rather in grandeur of thought and expression, magnificent combinations, and fine harmonies, than in simplicity or striking passages, which the memory may retain. His melodies are few and far from striking, and the whole production seems to excite the admiration rather at the skill and talent of the composer than the pleasurable sensations produced in listening to it. To the musician his production possessed commanding attraction,



but to the general listener, in this respect, probably less than any other that has received an English dress. Notwithstanding this impression, however, the opera has been played to the apparent satisfaction of crowded audiences, and seems likely to have a steady run of public favour. The most striking pieces in it are a chorus of Spirits, which is always encored, a female trio at the commencement of the second act, a song by Miss Inverarity, "Rose softly blooming," and two or three other chorusses which are extremely rich and beautiful. Miss Inverarity sang with the greatest taste and spirit. Her tones were in the highest degree charming, and she went through her task with an exhibition of very great skill. She is daily improving, and we have little doubt will soon reach, if she has not already gained, the loftiest rank in her profession. Mr. Wilson added much to the well-earned meed of praise which the public had previously awarded to him by the admirable manner in which he sustained his difficult character. It serves to place him in a most favourable light as a musician, and to realize all the anticipations excited by the first exhibition at this theatre, of his fine rich and manly voice. His enunciation too claims our praise for its distinctness (though the poetry of the opera is trashy enough); and in his acting and deportment (which were extremely elegant), he leaves all the vocalists of the day at an immeasurable distance behind him. Mr. Morley got on well, and pleased us much, and Mr. Penson did his best. Miss H. Cawse sang charmingly, and her sister respectably. The chorusses were admirably conducted. The scenery and dresses were truly splendid, and the story (the Beauty and the Beast), wanted for no expence or theatrical illusion, to render it quite enchanting.

#### THE SURREY.

At this Theatre a variety of entertaining new dramas have been produced, which, supported by the best strength of the establishment, have proved highly attractive. We had prepared a particular notice of each, but as our space is unfortunately now confined, we have been compelled to contract our observations to the present limits. The first is a tale founded on the "Heads-

man," in "Blackwood's Magazine," entitled *Alwyn and Bertholdy*, which has been very successfully written by Mr. Almay; the second, *The Dog of the Convent*, by the same writer; and a third is a version of a humorous tale that appeared last year in the "London University Magazine," entitled *The Cobbler of Munich*, in which Vale, as the hero, was extremely diverting. Mr. Elliston has recently appeared in several of his favourite characters, and whether in the steady part of *The Benevolent Jew*, or the more active ones of *Young Meadows* and *Dr. Pangloss*, exhibited talent of the most sterling character. We, in our humble judgment, could discover neither lack of activity nor buoyancy of spirits where needed; and however light and brilliant might have been his earlier efforts, we may congratulate the theatrical world in being able to witness his performances not only as yet unsurpassed, but assuredly unrivalled.

#### THE COBOURG.

Mr. Davidge has been playing lately the veteran in the drama of *One Hundred and Two*, with the greatest applause; and really, in contrasting his performance with that of Farren at Drury Lane, we feel quite at a loss to which to assign the title of superiority; in some respects we even fancied it superior to the latter gentleman's, especially the concluding scene; however, in expressing a doubt on the subject, we do not know that we could have passed Mr. D. a higher compliment. Many entertaining dramas have been brought out here lately, which claim our praise, for they have been written with spirit and supported with talent. The latest was entitled *The Red Banner, or The Barons of Ubaldo*, in which Messrs. Cobham, Harrison, and Gray acted with great effect. The latter gentleman, in an after-piece, played the part of a sailor in a very characteristic manner; with the exception of T. P. Cooke's, we never saw a true tar so ably represented. The theatre has been completely cleansed and embellished, and now assumes a very comfortable and agreeable appearance. The discontinuance of the money-order system has been productive of much benefit. We have no doubt it will continue to prosper.

### FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE, CHITCHAT, &c.

THEIR Majesties, we are happy to say, continue in excellent health—information which, we doubt not, will carry real gratification to the bosom of every loyal subject.

At home all is bustle. Parliament is

dissolved; and, ere many weeks shall have elapsed, a new convocation of delegates will reign in its stead. The propriety of the step has been much questioned by the Tories, and pretty considerably be-

praised by the Whigs. We, of course, who are altogether anti-political, do not presume to have a voice in the matter, and, in our simplicity, asked the *meaning* of the grand illumination which took place on Wednesday evening. "Oh! the Reform Bill," was the reply; but, for the life of us, we could not divine after all why this rejoicing should take place for a Bill which is not yet, and *may not be*, passed. While ruminating on the matter, we caught a young rogue's hand as it was dexterously escaping from our pocket with our best bandanna, and immediately transferred him, hand, handkerchief and all, before the no-way-enticing countenance of the Lord Mayor, who as quickly handed him over to the safe custody of Mr. Wontner, the Governor of Newgate. We should not have mentioned the latter circumstance had it not been to give a very particular account as to the how, why, and wherefore we happened to be in the questionable vicinity of a police-office, and as an introduction to the following facts, which will illustrate, in some measure, the present feelings of the lower orders. While waiting to obtain an audience of the worshipful Lord, two men made their appearance, the one, a native of Cornwall, charging the other, a costermonger, with knocking him down. "Well," says his Lordship, "what have ye to say in your defence?" "Why, your worship," replied the defendant, "I fancy if you had been called such an infamous name you would have done as I did: why," added he, with his hair an end, and a countenance exhibiting the greatest horror, "why, my Lord, he called me a *Borough-monger*!" "Lord bless your Lordship," replies the other, "why in Cornwall they think nothing of the name—Boroughmongers be as plentiful as cucumbers." How the matter terminated we forget, but dare say that the horrid epithet was duly considered in a subsequent compromise.

His Majesty has expressed his intention of dining with the citizens on the 15th inst. and grand preparations are making for his reception.

A grand dress ball was given by her Majesty on Monday evening, which was, of course, attended by the whole of the *haut ton* in town.

It is reported that Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria will shortly change her name to that of Charlotte, an alteration which will awaken pleasing remembrances and tearful regrets in the hearts of all who have "souls to feel."

The past month is to be noted for the death of three illustrious persons. Sir M.

Lopez, Bart. remarkable for his wealth and a strange mixture of parsimony and generosity in his habits; John Abernethy, the fame of whose talents and eccentricity has found its way to every corner of the known world; and, though last not least in our esteem, her kind-hearted Grace the Duchess of Wellington, have one and all been blotted from the book of the living.

We copy the following from the Perth Courier:—

"COURTING EXTRAORDINARY.—A practice has been prevalent for this some time past among a few of the fair ones of the village of Methven, in assuming the garb of men, and sporting about in the gloamin, *pretending that they are in love* with the very toasts of the village. Such a sporting with the feelings of the fair is not at all commendable, and much less by their own sex."—[We sincerely participate in the indignation of the journalist, but we know many "an old woman" actually united to a young and beautiful girl, constrained to the vow by the allurements of wealth, or the resistless mandate of insatiate parents.—ED. L. M.]

To those of our readers who may not have as yet been present at the interesting spectacle, we advise by all means to attend church service at the Foundling Hospital, on Sunday the 1st of May, when several young men and women who have been brought up in that excellent charity, and served a faithful apprenticeship, will return public thanks in the chapel to the Father of the fatherless, both in the morning and evening. After morning service they will surround the altar, and each will be presented with a certificate of good conduct and a gratuity in money; on which occasion a suitable address is usually delivered by one of the Vice-Presidents. We remember being present when the amiable Lord Tenterden performed this interesting part of the ceremony, and we shall not soon forget the effect which this address produced as well on himself as on the hearts of all who heard him.

HINTS TO LAW REFORMERS.—Formerly all the blundering jokes were fathered on Irishmen. The usage seems about to be revived, judging from the following, which we take from "Thoughts on Laughter." An Hibernian being arraigned for felony, the clerk of the court asked him, in his usual audible voice, "How will you be tried?" "Faith, no how at all, an plase your lordship," answered the prisoner, naturally enough. This is good, but not better than another of the same class we have lately met with. An Irish officer

about to be tried, was asked if he would challenge any of the jury, quickly retorted, "Is it challenge? oh, that I will, every

mother's son of 'em, and fight them, too, one after the other, before your face, my lord."

## THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

### EVENING DRESS.

A GOWN of canary yellow *gros d'Orient*, *corsage uni*, cut low and square, and trimmed round the bust with blond lace, which falls very deep over the back and shoulders, but is raised a little in the centre of the bust. *Beret* sleeves, over which are long ones, à l'imbecille, of white gaze de soie. Branches of vine leaves, interlaced in a wreath, forms the trimming of the skirt. *Coiffure à la belle Ferronière* ornamented with gold beads, and a *chaperon* of red roses intermingled with fancy flowers. Earrings, &c. &c. emeralds and gold. Satin shoes to correspond in colour with the dress.

### BALL DRESS.

A white crape dress over white satin. The *corsage* is trimmed with a blond lace mantilla. *Beret* sleeves. The trimming of the skirt is composed of white ostrich feathers, each disposed in zig-zag at regular distances; the zig-zag is formed by *agrafes* of coloured gems. The hair is dressed very full and low at the sides, and in high bows on the summit of the head. A gold bandeau, with a jewelled *agrafe* in the centre, comes low upon the forehead. A circlet of coloured gems supports the bows of hair, which are also ornamented with stars and an *aigrette* of gems. A bouquet of white ostrich feathers, placed at the back of the head, droops partially over the bows. Necklace, &c. &c. coloured gems and gold. White satin sandals. Boa tippet of white ostrich feathers.

### FULL DRESS.

A gown composed of white watered *gros de Naples*; the *corsage* is tight to the shape, cut low and square round the bust, and to lace behind; it is trimmed with blond lace, set on with more fulness and depth round the shoulders and behind, than in front of the bust. The long sleeves are blond lace, over a short but very full one of the material of the dress. A deep flounce of blond lace, with a heading of cut riband, adorns the border. The hair is dressed in full clusters of curls on each side, and in two nearly perpendicular bows, supported by a braid of hair on the summit of the head. A blond lace veil is placed behind the bows, and one end is arranged in *coques* which surmount them. A bouquet of orange flowers is placed on the right

side, and a wreath of roses encircles the forehead. Necklace, earrings, &c. a mixture of bright and dead gold.

### CARRIAGE DRESS.

A pelisse gown of *oiseau gros de Naples*, *Corsage à schall*, the shawl part pointed on the shoulders, and in the centre of the back, and very deep. The sleeve is of the usual extraordinary fullness at top, but not quite tight at the lower part. The shawl part, the fronts, and the border of the dress are embroidered in detached sprigs of lilac with their foliage. The head-dress is a hat of lilac crape trimmed under the brim on one side, with an intermixture of lilacs of the two colours. A large bouquet of lilacs covers the front of the crown, the back part of which is adorned with a white gauze drapery, the ends hang loose in the style of *brides*. The *brides* of lilac riband which fasten the hat under the chin, are trimmed in the cap style with *tulle*. The chemisette is of *tulle*, with a very deep collar trimmed with three rows of embroidered *tulle*. Lilac boots.

### GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

Coloured muslin dresses begin to be worn in the promenades, but as yet very partially, silk ones being far more generally adopted; the former have the *corsage* made partially high, and with a slight degree of fulness before and behind. The sleeves are of an easy width from the elbow to the wrist, but of the usual extravagant size at the upper part. These dresses are generally worn with richly-worked *chemisettes*, and small silk cravats called *Adelaides*. Silk dresses have the *corsage* made a good deal in the habit style, but not so high, with falling collars, very deep and pointed at the ends, as are also the lappels. Some are trimmed *en tallier*, with rouleaus variously arranged, others are fastened up the front with tulip knots. The *chemisettes* worn with these dresses are either of embroidered muslin, or of cambric, small plaited in compartments, with embroidery between. A silk cravat, or a light scarf, supports the collar round the throat.

Our anticipations, with regard to bonnets, have been realized; straw ones being very generally adopted in walking dress, particularly for morning bonnets. Silk ones are, however, more *distingué*. They, as well



as those of straw, are trimmed with ribands only, flowers being rarely seen in walking bonnets.

Some of the most elegant new carriage bonnets are of watered silk, or white satin trimmed with two tufts of ribands, one placed at the top, the other at the bottom of the crown; a double blond divided in the centre by a rouleau of riband, or a satin band traverses the crown from one tuft to another, each end of the blond forms a rosette at the base of each tuft of riband. The shape of the most fashionable bonnets is somewhat in the cottage style.

Gowns in carriage dress are composed of *gros d'étés*, or of rich figured *gros de Naples*. Some are made with high *corsages*, which lace behind, others in the pelisse style. A great many have a large pelerine of the same material, cut round in sharp points, which are edged with three or four satin pipings.

Coloured muslins of new and very pretty patterns begin to be worn in half dress. We see also *batiste de luine*, and plain *batiste* worn by some ladies, but *gros de Naples*, plain or figured, is upon the whole still the most fashionable material. The few muslin dresses that have yet appeared have the *corsage* in crossed drapery or *en cœur*. There are very few trimmed round the border, but if there is any trimming, it consists of a row of points, laid partially one over the other, or tucks. Many silk dresses are still trimmed with black blond lace, others are trimmed with a mixture of satin and the material of the dress.

Gowns are cut low in evening dress. Some have the *corsage* in crossed drapery; the most novel are adorned with a *collarete*, which falls *en mantille* behind; those that have not a *mantilla*, are crossed behind as well as before. Long sleeves are still in favour, but they are always white, and of some transparent material, when the dress is of silk. If the gown is of gauze or *tulle*, then the long sleeve corresponds. Crape dresses are seldom made with long sleeves.

Trimmings begin to be more worn, particularly those of cut riband; there are several pretty trimmings formed of rose-leaves, of cut riband, disposed in Grecian or Italian borders.

Small crape hats continue fashionable in evening dress, especially white ones; the crown is low, and the brim turns up on one side only. A single very long ostrich feather, attached to the crown, droops over the brim.

The hair is dressed high, but in a less heavy style than it has been for some months past; if the bows are mingled with plaited braids, the latter are arranged something in the form of a tiara at the base of

the bows, on the summit of the head. Flowers begin to be much used to ornament the hair. Ribands, arranged so as to resemble flowers, are also a good deal employed. We see likewise several *coiffures* composed of hair only, without any other ornament than a cameo, or a gold or pearl pin, placed in the centre of a plaited braid of hair, which is brought low upon the forehead.

The colours most in request are, morning and evening primrose, *bleu Adelaide*, pale citron, rose, and all the lighter shades of green.

#### STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS IN APRIL.

The cold and rainy weather has prevented the usual display of summer fashions at Longchamps. The change from summer to winter dress is in consequence rather slow, all the heavy accessories of winter costume, as furs, mantles, &c. are discarded, but as yet we see very few muslin dresses either white or coloured. *Gros d'été*, and *drap d'Alger*, the first a silk, the other a mixture of silk and worsted, of a slighter kind than poplin, but very much resembling it, are the materials of promenade dress. Gowns are either made in the pelisse form, or with plain high bodices; sleeves are either *à la Medicis* or *à l'imbecille*, and the border of the skirt is ornamented either with tucks or *dents*, the latter fall over the hem, and are corded with satin. The pelerine corresponds with the dress; it is of a large size, and the collar of the *chemisettes*, square, deep, and very richly embroidered, falls over it.

*Gros de Naples* bonnets, called *capotes Anglaises*, somewhat resembling our cottage bonnets in shape, but not quite so close, are very fashionable, particularly for the morning; those of lilac or green, lined with citron or rose colour, are most in favour; some are trimmed with a large cockade of riband placed on one side, others have a bouquet, *à la Jardinière*, on the right side of the crown near the top, and on the same side, but close to the bottom of the crown, a knot of cut riband; these last are worn for the theatres.

Hats have very low crowns, the brims have diminished in size, but in a trifling degree; they set rather close at the sides of the face, but are wide in the centre. Sprigs of lilac, or jasmine, or else a bouquet of violets, primroses, and daisies, ornament the majority of promenade hats; we still, however, see a few trimmed with ribands, only they are always arranged *en chon* or *en tulippe*.

*Redingotes* of plain or watered *gros de Naples*, embroidered round the border and up the fronts, in silk a shade darker than



the dress, are much worn in half dress; some have a pelerine to correspond; others are worn with a blond lace *chemisette*, which falls over *en schall*; this last fashion is very generally adopted for the Italian Opera. Some ladies have also recently appeared there in dresses of white *chaly*, made half high, and trimmed round the upper part of the bust with a lappel *a quatre points*, which was edged with narrow blond lace. Over the full short sleeve of *chaly*, there was one a *l'imbecille* of *gaze de Paris*, the fullness of the wrist was confined by two narrow satin rouleaus, placed near each other, and each finished with a row of narrow blond lace set in full.

Blond lace, or an imitation of it, now forms part of almost every dress. We see that more than half the head-dresses at the Opera are either caps or *berets* of blond lace, the greater number are trimmed with ornaments of cut ribands, they are generally of rich figured gauze, and of three or four different colours; some are arranged in *palmettes*; others resemble the tails of birds of Paradise.

The most elegant ball dresses are of *tulle gaze de Paris*, with a *corsage croisée* or *en cœur*, and generally trimmed *en mantille* with blond lace. *Beret* sleeves quite as large as ever, with the plaits turned in contrary directions. Three satin rouleaus go round the borders; they do not meet, but terminate at the right knee in a knot of ribands, and ascend on the left side half way up the skirt in a drapery style; they finish with a bouquet of flowers similar to that worn at the waist.

*Berets* and *beret-toques* are very generally adopted in full dress, the first are composed

of blond lace, or white satin; some are trimmed with marabouts, but the most elegant have a bird of Paradise placed under the brim, and another at the back of the caul.

*Beret-toques* are of figured gauze, they have only a half brim, turned up, and full both above and below; they are generally ornamented with *aigrettes*, but sometimes a bird of Paradise is placed between the brim, and the crown and the plumage falls over the latter.

Head-dresses of hair are almost universally adopted in ball dress; that called a *la belle Ferronieres*, first introduced by the Princess Louise, is the most fashionable; it was originally the hair disposed in plain bands before, a plaited band on the forehead, and a single large bow behind, but the plaited band across the forehead is now all that remains of the original *coiffure*, the hair being in general curled in front, and arranged in two or three bows on the summit of the head.

Very young ladies adorn their hair with large cockades of riband; the cockade is composed of sixteen or eighteen bows, and has two long cords; it is attached on one side near the summit of the head, and the ends descend on the neck. This is the most novel style of ornament, but knots in the form of cabbage roses, or tulips, are also worn, and flowers are fashionable; those most in request are Japanese roses, Bengal roses, lilac, honeysuckle, and some exotics.

The favourite colours are *poussiere de Paris*, *vert de Chine*, straw colour, rose colour, and azure blue.

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

### BIRTHS.

At Rome, the lady of C. W. Minet, Esq. of a daughter. At the British College of Health, New Road, the lady of Mr. Morrison, of a son. At St. Omers, the lady of Captain Clifford, of a son. In York Terrace, the lady of Wm. Morgan, Esq. of a daughter.

### MARRIAGES.

At St. Matthew's, Bethnal Green, the Rev. E. Miller, A.M., of London, to Mary, third daughter of the late John Wilson, Esq. of Transy, Fifeshire. At St. Marylebone Church, Mr. Martin Knapp, of Cirencester Place, Marylebone, to Priscilla, daughter of John Bielefeld, Esq. of St. Martin's Lane. At St. Marylebone New Church, John Stirling Francis Taylor, Esq. to Harriet, youngest daughter of the late

John Waddilove, Esq. At St. Pancras New Church, R. W. Knapton, Esq. of Hamilton Place, New Road, to Caroline, eldest daughter of B. Lacy, Esq. of Winchester Place, Pentonville. At Clifton church, Gloucestershire, David Jamieson, Esq. of Great Winchester Street, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Charles M'Nith, Esq. of Savanna-la-Mar, Jamaica.

### DEATHS.

At his seat, at Enfield, John Abernethy, Esq. surgeon. At Upton, Essex, Mary, only daughter of the late Sampson Hodgkinson, Esq. Mr. Harry Laughton, of Bexley Heath, Kent, aged 67. Thomas Bedford, son of F. H. Brandram, Esq. of Sydenham. The Rev. John Driver, of Bishop Stortford. At an advanced age, Mr. John Quick, the celebrated comedian.